



Lick-Wilmerding-Lux  
**L I F E**

COMMENCEMENT  
DECEMBER

NINETEEN -- NINETEEN

VOLUME FIVE NUMBER ONE

SAN FRANCISCO CALIFORNIA





Dedicated to

Agnes Strachan

in gratitude for her constant  
and untiring efforts in  
behalf of all L. W. L.  
activities





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## December Nineteen

Daring and youthful and fine are they,  
Each one a straight true man.  
Class of Nineteen is foremost, they say,  
Excelling in every plan.  
Many and hard are their conquests won,  
But for honor they'll always stand,  
Every game of theirs begun,  
Rewarded by Victory's hand.

Now they are leaving their harbor bright  
In which they have anchored secure,  
Nearer and nearer they've come to the light,  
Each follows with bold step and sure.  
Think you these lads will ever forget  
Each lesson they've learned without fail,  
Each teacher, each friendship they cannot regret?  
No! never! Lick-Wilmerding, hail!!!

Ellen Knoles—'22J





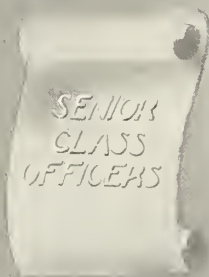
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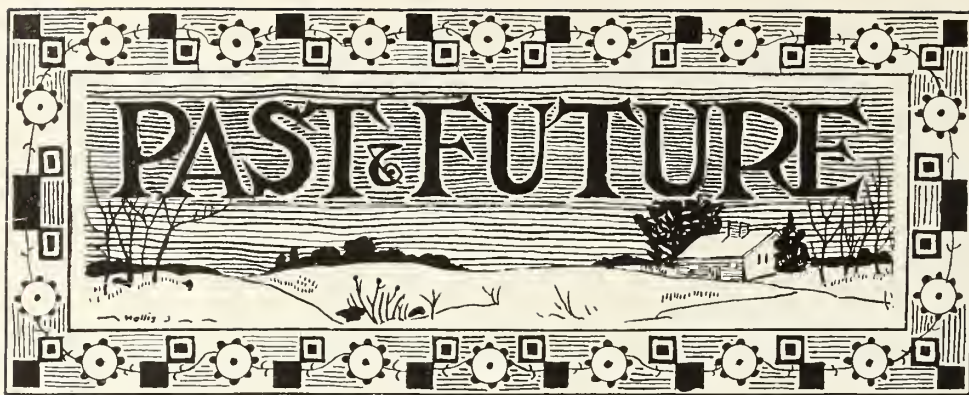
*F. Lashby Jr.*



*Chas. J. Young*



*R. B. Sorel*



1919—Seniors! Can you realize that our short four years of school life are about to end? While many will be reluctant to leave, the majority will enter the new life with the same spirit in which they came to Lick-Wilmerding—full of hope, vigor and determination to win the game. Yes, our four years of school may be called a game, and we seniors the players.

In playing this game we have had two objects in mind: we have played for the benefit of the school and for ourselves. How well we have played and in what measure succeeded will only be shown by what we do in years to come, in our work at college, our life in the commercial world. Wherever we may be, let us put into practice the good things we have learned here, and remember that what the other fellow says about you does not count; it's what you do that wins or loses the game. Learning to carry out your own ideas, to be tolerant of the other fellow and his ideas, and to be able to go out and command the position which your ability owes you, make up one-half of our education. But before we depart, let us look back over the game as we played it.

The first inning began in January, 1916. We were guided, through the low freshman semester by W. Thatcher of the '16 Class. On the second half we were lead by Knorp, and so the first year passed in adjusting ourselves to our new environment. But we must not forget that during the second six months of our Freshman year we were the guests of the '18J Class at a wonderful picnic at Paradise Cove. All who attended certainly had a day of joy which will be remembered always by the class of 1919.

The second inning, bright in prospect, opened in January, 1917. Mitchel was president for the first half and Gaenicke for the remaining six months. During all of this time, we had been developing our athletic abilities and the end of 1917 saw many of the members of the class in line for the school teams.

1918 the third inning, we were now lofty Juniors! Reynolds was elected president and very ably guided us thru the first six months. During this time two most memorable events took place. The Junior-Freshman reception was given on February 27, and was a huge success. The Junior play, "The Toastmaster," was presented on April 24, and considering the absence of girls from the '19 class, the play was a decided "hit." To all those who helped to make the play what it was and especially to Mrs. Orr and Miss Gabriel too much credit can not be given for its splendid success.

The second half of the third inning began with Rodger as president. Still carrying on "the old Tiger" spirit and in anticipation of our Senior year, our Junior year came to a close.

1919—The fourth and last inning was to be played. Kahn piloted us for the first six months. During this time an important change took place. Under the old system there had never been a manager nor an editor of "The Life" who was a member of a Christmas class. So, at the suggestion of our president, a committee was appointed

which conferred with Mr. Heymann on the subject of having two Christmas class members as manager and editor of "The Life," and having an associate manager and an associate editor elected at the same time from the June class. When the Christmas class graduated the associate manager would become manager and the associate editor would become editor. This would give each class the opportunity of having two of their members at some time manager and editor of "The Life." Mr. Heymann thought the plan a good one, and it was brought up before the Student Body. A vote was taken favoring the adoption of the policy and the plan is now in operation. We may rightly feel proud of having prepared such a plan which is so just and fair to all classes.

The second half of the fourth inning Kruger was elected president. Preparations were immediately begun for a Senior Farce. The play, "The Amazons," was chosen. In this the fellows had to impersonate the feminine roles. On October 24th, the play was presented and was a pronounced success. The Senior Class wishes to thank Miss Strachan for her untiring efforts which brought about such a fine play. Credit too, is due to the cast, manager, orchestra and all those who helped in anyway to make the play a success. The final events of the year were the first Senior Dance and Graduation ever held by a Christmas class. It has been the custom for the Christmas classes to participate in the June graduation exercises but the 19X class, with its new system for the journal, its Junior and Senior Farces, has been able to give a dance and to hold its graduation independent of other classes.

The game is over, the players are about to depart and before long we will be pursuing our various courses but let us be grateful that we could have played in such a game and when each of us look back let us be able to say, "I did my best." Let us draw out of our school life not only what we learned from books but an understanding of our fellow men. Then, and not till then, will we have reaped the full benefits of our education.



## Farewell

Dear school—we must have new waters now,

In farewell we release your hand.

Anon we embark in mystery ships

Bound for an unknown land.

Many a wave and wintry brawl

We've buffeted with success.

Through many a calm and hurricane

We have sighted the sea's unrest.

And Lick-Wilmerding in our voyage of Life,

We'll remember the lessons you've taught.

You've guided our practice trips wisely and well;

Each mariner's good have you sought.

Then, so long, old pals, for we'll all meet again

When we've staked our claims afar.

When we're time-worn mariners old and wise,

Together we'll cross the bar.

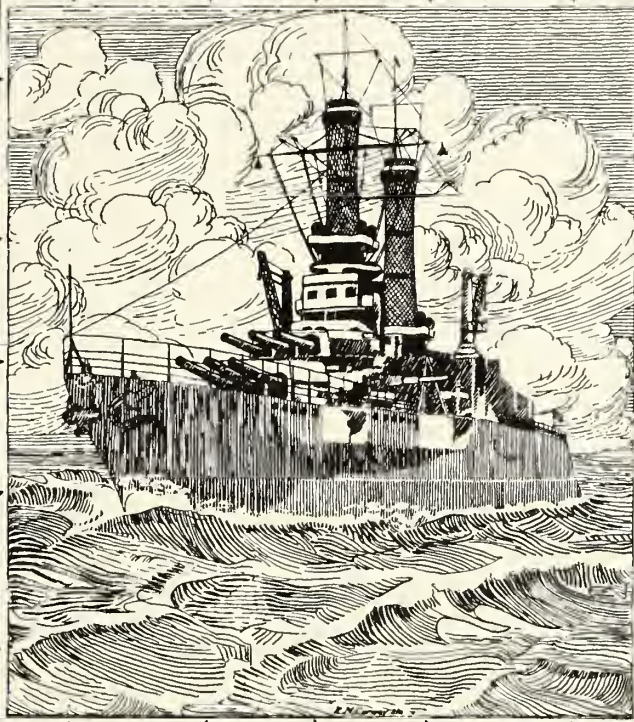
—OLIVE BARNUM.



# "Nuts on the Tree of Knowledge"

BY IRONIUS SARCASUMSKY

Victim	Monicker	Favorite Expression	How He Sees Himself	How Others See Him	Occupation	Besetting Sin	Destiny
Aghem	Agony	Hey! Guy!	Doesn't	Student	Baseball	Work	Statesman
Berman	Trotzky	Ray! Bevo!	Great chemist	Behind an apron	Bolshevik	Whiskers	Minister
Gaenicke	Sergeant	Got your class dues?	Pianist	Awkward	"Subbing" for Enid	Sleeping	Office boy
Gieseke	Shorty	(Has none)	Draughtsman	Through a reading glass	Keeping quiet	Eruo	Prizefighter
Heitman	Dutch	Nothin' doin'!	Bright	Dunce	Spilling ink	Tall ones	Chauffeur
Heymes	John, Jack or Joseph	What of it!	Hard to tell	Loan shark	Getting 'em to buy	Explaining himself	Fertilizer
Jacobs	Perry-boat	Some birds!	Important	Unsophisticated	Lifesaver	Wild birds	Deckhand
Kahn	Itchy	Where's my class pin?	Some little stepper	Falls hard	Trying to dance	B. A. H.	Dancing teacher
Knipe	Chollie	Will you get outta here?	Symphony leader	On the job	Boning	Forgetfulness	Music teacher
Knorp	Purity	Cut out the rough stuff!	Handsome	Some don't	Kidding himself	Good looks	Morals squad
Kruger	Dizzy	Wait a second!	President	Dopey	Cutting class	Yanks	Flat-foot
Lafrenz	Meinie	Where yuh goin'?	Lady-killer	In pieces	Props	Big feet	Cabaret dancer
Lahaye	Lahoy	Gotcha homework?	Mechanic	Bum joke	Floor manager	Skirts	Cowboy
Larsen	Birdlegs	Well, you've got a nerve!	Busy	Angelic	Giggling	His dimples	Grave digger
Loeserman	Pest	Goin' home?	A good nam actor	Small fry	Intruding	His height	Knight of the road
Mitchel	Flabby	There go two, Lou!	Orator	Underfed	Receiving letters	Spanish señoritas	Family man
Quagelli	Lizzle	Oh, Don!	Good-looking	Overdone	Training his eye-brows	Face powder	He-vamp!
Reynolds	Chester	Goin' out tonight, George?	Football player	Slicker	Pickin' 'em out	"Dear" hunting	To land the Swede
Rodger	Red	What'd you get?	Pretty good	Studious bonehead	Figurin' it out	Grains	Mayor of Alameda
Rosberg	Oscar	Yes, m' lord!	Fashion plate	Squirrel food	Pool player	Big mitts	Asylum
Schmullian	Smokestack	Oh, what a wren!	Herbert's prodigal	Cadet	Gettin' by	Tags	Shavetail
Scovel	Shovel	I know a guy—	Never wrong	Lanky	Slipping the slip-stick	Los Ropos	Loafer
Stone	Shrimp	Oh! How do you do?	Good (?) picker	Almost a man	Being a "measley baby"	Dizzy blondes	Poorhouse
Strandberg	Sister	Now you stop!	Masculine of the species	Girlish	Artist's model	Quagelli	Actress
Young	Kelsey	B-r-r! Cold as a mother-in-law's kiss	Authority on any-thing.	Professor	Steppin' out	His mouth	Father



LITERARY

# The Solution

By DORIS GIERISCH

THE village of Florvale would be considered very much "behind the times" by most of us. The people there live in a world apart and any villager's joys or sorrows are of as much genuine interest to every one of these people as are his very own. When the great war became of real moment because of America's entrance into it, almost all other topics of conversation were entirely excluded. These country folks were especially interested in the daring and clever work of the spy and the way in which he carried on his purpose throughout the country.

James Davis had lived in Florvale all his life—just nineteen years—and, quite naturally, everyone knew him as "Jimmie". He had been compelled to leave school because of the untimely death of his father and, since then, had worked at keeping up the small business which his parents had left. He had not improved it greatly because he was rather slow and thought a great deal before acting upon an idea. Martha—Martha was Jimmie's particular failing—was always chiding him about his too even disposition. She always declared, too, that he could not see an opportunity quickly enough to grasp it. Jimmie appeared to take her chidings good-naturedly but, even though he did not show it, they had their effect.

Next to the war, the large shingled house which had just been built across the way from the Davis home was the principal topic of conversation. It was a very mysterious place. No one knew who lived there nor when they had moved in. The people who occupied the place were never seen but it was evident that some one did live there for the window shades were raised and lowered throughout the day, according to the position of the sun. No one had courage enough to visit the place, however, so the mystery remained unsolved.

One morning, about two months after the house had been completed, as Jimmie was leisurely dressing in his bedroom, he stopped short in the midst of a sleepy yawn with his mouth wide open. Something like an electric shock had seemed to pass through him as he gazed out of his window at one in the house opposite. Even though it was rather a dull, dreary morning, Jimmie could distinctly see a white object moving slowly and rhythmically back and forth and up and down in varying directions with, finally, a repetition of the whole process. Instantly he knew the solution of the mystery. There, in the midst of the unsuspecting people of Florvale, a spy had established himself and was sending messages to an accomplice who carried them on further to another spy—another link in the great chain of foreign agents. Well, he just wondered if Martha would think he was so slow in observing now.

Jimmie finished dressing in feverish haste and rushed downstairs and out of the house, scarcely pausing to eat anything. Just as quickly as possible, he informed the leading citizens of the town of his discovery. They were all deeply impressed and hastened to hold a meeting in order to decide upon the proper course of action. They felt that they should not notify the government until they were absolutely sure that it was as serious a matter as they thought. Finally they decided to wait and see if the signals continued. Several of the men were permitted to spend the night at Jimmie's home after they had taken Mrs. Davis into their confidence and pledged her to secrecy. After an almost sleepless night, they all gathered at Jimmie's window and, to be sure, the signals were repeated although they were different in some respects, so Jimmie said.

It was finally decided to send one of the men to the house on some pretext, to see if he could gain admittance and to obtain what information he could about the occupants. They felt that they would be able to decide whether their surmises were correct according to the outcome of the visit. After much discussion, it was decided that the minister should



be the delegate, and, accordingly, on the following day he approached the house in a dignified manner even though he did feel rather nervous. He gave the bell a short, quick ring and then waited. In a surprisingly short time, the door swung back noiselessly and a woman dressed in a nurse's uniform stood before him. She nodded pleasantly and invited him to enter. He was led into a large, well-furnished room and when they had both seated themselves, the realization of the importance of this visit came to him and caused him completely to forget the little speech which he had so carefully planned. What if he should fail? For what seemed many minutes to the uneasy man, his thoughts made a frantic effort to readjust themselves and then it occurred to him to deliver the message which was, to all appearances, the excuse for his visit. He nervously folded his hands and cleared his throat and then, in a voice which he endeavored to make sound as steady as possible, he spoke:

"I should greatly appreciate having the family attend the coming church picnic and meet the people of the village."

"Thank you kindly," the woman replied, "but I must tell you that our 'family' consists of only three people—Mr. Bankhead, the owner of this house, the cook, and myself. You see," she continued, "Mr. Bankhead is an author. When he became ill several months ago, the doctor ordered him to a quiet spot in order to recover. He was brought here while still very weak and, in order to avoid attracting undue attention, came at night. I, being his nurse, accompanied him. We brought our own provisions, enough to last for a long while, so that we need not order from the stores here and thus become known. All this, you understand, was for the purpose of keeping the patient as much alone and as quiet as possible. Lately he has improved rapidly and I am sure he would enjoy meeting you. Would you care to come upstairs to his room?"

The "delegate", although unable to decide as to the significance of the signals as yet, had been placed entirely at his ease by the hospitable manner of the nurse. He felt that he might gain more valuable information through knowing the author and expressed his willingness to meet him. On the floor above the nurse turned the knob of a door without knocking and as the room opened before him, the minister, after his first surprise, felt an almost irresistible desire to break forth into hearty laughter. There, before a window on the opposite side of the room, stood a man wrapped in a light gray dressing gown. He was slowly and rhythmically moving a pair of weights back and forth and up and down in systematic exercise.

When the delegate reported to the committee, he was able to enjoy his delayed laughter with many others. There was only one, who did not seem to appreciate the humor of the situation. Jimmie was finally assured, however, that he had been no more in the wrong than the rest of them. Afterward Jimmie was better able to bear Martha's taunts as he thought how absurd his quick, impulsive thought and action had proved.



## His Trust

By S. SMITH, '20J

**N**ORMAN DENT, general manager of all the railway and mining claims held by Page and Co. in China, glanced at his office clock. With a small key taken from his vest coat pocket, Mr. Dent opened the lower left hand drawer of his desk and extracted a small memorandum book. To the office force this book was a mystery. They knew that their names had been carefully written in it and that every Saturday the "Boss" wrote various comments after their respective names, but what the comments were and why written, the force had been unable to discover. They all liked the "Boss;" his temper was as short as his stature but he was so earnest in his desire to help his employes that they readily responded and gave him their royal support.

Dent wrote in his memo book for ten minutes and then abruptly stopped; his face wore a puzzled look as he gazed out of the half shaded window down upon the toiling city. He had but one more name in his book on which to remark. Turning back the pages he read again his past comments on Wheeler Robinson. Condensed, they were nothing more or less than "indifference to himself, the world and its happenings." That did not mean that he was untidily dressed—far from it. Wheeler Robinson could box and wrestle above the average, was a good swordsman, loved cards and rolled dice to perfection. This week the manager wrote nothing after his name. With a sigh of doubt he locked his little book up again, took his hat and left. Ten minutes later the place boasted only the Chinese janitor with his worn broom, busily sweeping up the day's debris.

\* \* \* \* \*

Mr. Dent sat behind his broad desk littered with papers. His study was cool and the drawn shades threw the room into a restful half gloom. That evening, after the sun had set and the stifling heat had abated, there was to be a stockholders' meeting. The manager was absorbed in working out some reports with which he hoped to sway the opinion of the majority of the stockholders. The value of these shares had been small but had increased several hundred per cent since Page and Company first sold mining stocks in China. At the time of the first sale, a large block of stock had been bought by a prominent, influential Chinaman. It was now imperative for the company to control this interest. The Chinaman held his share at such an exorbitant price that even Mr. Dent wished the consent of the directors before buying. He held a newly opened telegram in his hand, and re-read his permission—in fact, his orders, to buy out the Chinaman. Who should he send for the Chinaman's shares? As he thought of Robinson a look of doubt crossed his face.

Norman Dent picked up his telephone and gave his number to the languid operator. The tired out tinkle of the telephone bell aroused Wheeler Robinson from his day-dream. Taking a long sip he set his whiskey and soda down and strolled to the disturbing instrument. The chips were all stacked, the cards laid out, and someone was phoning his regrets. The pleased look which passed over his face, upon recognition of his boss's voice soon changed to one of gloom. Oh well, he had an hour before his friends would arrive and it was best to humor the "old man" anyway. Grumbling and sipping his whiskey and soda he slipped from his smoking jacket into his street coat, left the house and walked rapidly towards his employer's dwelling.

Robinson had been ushered in, and had taken a proper seat. The manager had not changed his position since he had put the telephone down twenty minutes before. Mr. Dent was silent for a moment, and then said, "Robinson, I have a telegram authorizing the buying of a Chinaman's stock. The unsettled state in the Chinese quarter outside of the concession is dangerous. To go to the Chinaman's and return before the thermometer drops to seventy or thereabouts, which will be late tonight, one must traverse this section of the city. Those stocks must be in our hands tonight, and we can gain possession of them, only if a brave, quick witted young man will risk his life by going through this quarter. I have chosen you to fulfill this mission. Here is the check, don't lose it, as it is made out to cash. Good luck my boy—hurry."

Wheeler walked rapidly in the direction of the address written on the envelope. Swearing softly and fluently to himself, he increased his gate at each step. At best, he wouldn't be more than an hour or so late, and besides he had told his landlady where he was going. His friends would know "The Old Man" would certainly detain him.

As if he had plunged into water, Wheeler Robinson dove into the narrow, crooked lanes of the low Chinese quarter. Wheeler glanced at the sun for reassurance and was amazed to find it on the brink of setting. His friends must have come and gone. He was resentful and angry as he emerged into a broader street. Looking at the nearest sign post he

was glad to see that he was fast nearing his goal. He knew that the viceroy, who lived not a mile from where he was, was to be feared by foreigners who committed misdemeanor no matter how insignificant. He hoped that he would have no encounters on his way to the Chinaman's or home again.

Once more he sought a short cut and turned down a dark, loathsome alley. He had not progressed half its length when his passage was blocked by a mob of half wild natives running and babbling in their unintelligible tongue. Presently, in galloped from both ends of the alley a detachment of the Mandarin's crack cavalry. Robinson crouched against a door jamb, his heart beating wildly. To his surprise his one dominant idea was not self preservation, but the fulfillment of his trust—the trust which the "Old Man" had placed in him. He must escape—escape to fulfill his trust. Before he could dash into the house or run down the filthy by-passage he was dragged from his place of hasty concealment by three ruffians.

Almost instantly, the troopers saw that he was a white foreigner and desisted from beating him down, although they were using that method of procedure to subdue the rabble. One of the men, who had a sturdy horse, forced Wheeler up behind and with a detachment of three men as guard galloped off in the direction of the Viceroy's palace.

Startled, jolted and angry, with the breath half knocked out of him in a vehement voice which bespoke of determination, Wheeler demanded why and where he was being taken.

"Traitor!" hissed the horseman, "for inciting that mob to violence against China, you will lose your head."

It was true that all the circumstantial evidence was against him. Should he be brought to trial the Mandarin would not spare him. Even an American court would have convicted him. Heartily he cursed Norman Dent for sending him on such an enterprise. He felt for his letter; it had escaped notice in the hurried search for weapons and was intact. For the first time in his career he had full authority and responsibility. It thrilled him even in his predicament. His brain seemed clear and alert; his muscles, though sorely neglected, felt trim and eager. He was alive. Wild thoughts of escape rushed through his brain—escape to fulfill his trust.

After half a mile of trotting, the little cavalcade reeled sharply to the left. It was all Wheeler asked for; he dug his heels into the tender flanks of the horse, at the same time pinioning the trooper's arms fast to his side. The horse started with a jump that almost toppled both prisoner and captor into the gutter. A rapid succession of sharp jabs, and the horse was rushing down the flagged pavement at a perilous rate. In the fast blackening dusk, with both riders shouting for help, the guards mistook this dash for freedom, for a runaway horse. They lost a few seconds in astonishment before spurring to help their comrades. Robinson strained his eyes for sight of a dirt pile. He did not wish to kill the man. A black heap loomed up; Wheeler calculated carefully, and as he dashed by, sprawled his captor of a minute ago, ear first on a pile of garbage. He breathed more freely now. Turning at the next corner in his saddle he looked back and heard the troopers draw up to help their fallen leader. Though danger was for the present delayed, he galloped on at the same pace. For his great trust must be fulfilled. He turned at the next corner. There, a block away stood the Chinaman's house surrounded by gardens. With a glad heart he rode up to the door and seized the knocker. Confidently he entered to fulfill his mission. With the Chinaman's receipt in his inner pocket, his trust was fulfilled. He wondered why the boss had selected him for such a mission. As he crossed the broad veranda, which surrounded the Chinaman's house, he glanced at the thermometer. His heart stood still as he noticed how low the mercury had fallen. The next instant he was in his saddle. With sharp spurs and determined heels Wheeler galloped toward the manager's house. He *would* be there on time.



# The Merchant of Venice

By WM. H. SHIMMYSPEARE

Revised by G. E. TAYLOR

LET us first introduce our hero or victim about whose spaghetti-padded personage this tale is wrapped.

In the year of our Lord and high prices, 1919 A. D., there lived in a cozy garlic-draped residence of three rooms, two cuspidors, and an old cracker-can bathtub, Antonio Tomatpotatoninni, a conscientious, vino loving Italian. He owned the largest peanut millinery and pink popcorn foundry in Venice, California, from which he catered, in his silk bandanad glory, to the intrushing mobs of pleasure seekers from Cafeteria—commonly known as Los Angeles.

One prosperous day at about nine bells in the morning, Tony was counting his four wobbly quarters, three plugged nickels and two gangreened pennies which were to be used as change throughout the day.

At one o'clock in the afternoon, when the town was wide open, Tony proceeded forth from his domicile in search of business and trouble. As he strolled along running his motorless "Lizzie" in front of him, he blew the dust from last week's peanuts, scraped the flyspecks from last leap year's popcorn, and mused on the booming business that would be his if he got any customers.

As he stood up for business by the south entrance to the dizzy go-round a bewhiskered stranger with a red flannel shirt on approached him.

"Hist!" muttered the stranger.

"I hist anda hist anda still I nota heara da darna ting!"

"Hark!" repeated the stranger without noticing his garlicky insult. "You come with mesky and you shall learnovitch something worth whilesky!"

"I follow you," whispered the merchant of Venice, "whatta you do wit me, huh?"

"We Bawlshevists do something wonderful for you. Possibly wesky make you presidentsky of the Stranded Oilsy Company," cooed the grimy stranger in a successful effort to quell the merchant's fears.

"Whatta your nama, my frienda," queried Tony of his companion as they halted before the family entrance of a beer fountain.

The stranger gruffly replied that his name was "Watchmey Dustoffchairsky, F. O. B." The "F. O. B." he explained, stood for Funnyfaced Order of Bawlshevists.

Tony parked his peanut emporium by the curb and was led into the aforesaid hall of shame by his partner. The stranger's whiskers blew off as they mounted the steps, but he soon recovered them.

They took seats at a table flecked with 2.75% foam in one corner and the president called the meeting to order. They all ordered beer which was soon brought to them, and business began.

"I move," started a man with a pink and green asphalt necktie, "that our newly arrived benefactor, Antonio Tomatpotatoninni be elected to blow up the home of Jawn D. Robbafeller of the Stranded Oil Co."

"Any second to that motion?" asked the president as he scratched a fleabite under his barbed wire suspenders.

"I second it," shouted a sleepy looking individual in the back of the room who was still wearing his copper-fastened pajamas.

So it was that poor, honest, garlic-scented Tony was presented with a bomb which he planted under the roof-garden of the Robbafeller mansion and set it off.

The explosion littered up three perfectly good city blocks with meat and bones, but that wasn't what Tony was worrying about. No, indeed. A cop had seen Tony and fired two shots in his direction, which had caused Tony to clap one hand over the balcony of his trousers and proceed down the main thorofare with the smell of burning rags trailing after him.

But Tony was no match for a before-the-war model three ton policeman born in Ireland, and he found himself in jail.

He was tried and found guilty. Altho he was pushed and pulled, he made about as much speed toward the gallows as a car on the outside track on Market street a block from the ferry.

He argued with his jailors, but the only answer they gave him, was "Take it up with the hangman. He has the power to raise you to a higher realm."

The noose was slowly drawn about his neck. It became tighter and tighter. He felt as if he were an old egg that had been thrown from the gallery to the stage. The noose grew tight. His last breath was wheezing out.

The alarm went off just then and what puzzled Antonio Tomatpotatoninni, the merchant of Venice most, was how he got his neck caught between the side of the bed and the wall.



## Billy's Adventure

By R. WRIGHT, '22J

NOT long ago strange happenings occured in the little fishing village of Rockport on the coast of Maine. It was shortly after the outbreak of the great World War that Billy Brandt and his father came to the notice of the villagers. The inhabitants knew little of Brandt except that he was an inventor, and they termed him queer, due to his secluded life. He was working on a new type of seaplane, and being afraid that the plans would be stolen before he had completed it, he was suspicious of everyone. His queer actions and his German sounding name started rumors of a scheme to aid the enemy. The villagers were all the more certain that their conclusions had been correct when large boxes began to arrive and were taken to a barn on the Brandt property.

Early in 1918 the German submarines began to operate on this side of the Atlantic, and a report was sent out that they were supposed to have a base on this side. This occasioned another rumor in Rockport, namely that Brandt was supplying the submarines.

Meanwhile Billy and his father kept to themselves and finally the seaplane was completed. Billy, who knew how to handle it, was to make the trial trip. This was to be made at night to avoid the curious and suspicious people of the village.

As soon as darkness had fallen, the doors of the barn were opened and the seaplane was pushed out on a small flatcar. The wings, which folded back against the body, were opened out and made fast. Then the three noiseless motors (another of Brandt's inventions) were slowly started.

After wheeling the machine down to the water Billy donned his flying togs and climbed aboard. After testing the controls he started the two vertical propellers which drove the seaplane forward. It moved slowly out into the water, which gradually became deeper. The small flatcar dropped from beneath the seaplane leaving it floating on the water. Billy then started the two vertical propellers and also the horizontal one which was used to raise the machinery vertically or to hold it stationary in the air.

The seaplane moved forward and upward into the air. After climbing several hundred feet Billy began to circle over the sea. Passing over a small island of an uninhabited group near Rockport, he was very much surprised to see several lights shining below him. Quickly shutting off the vertical propellers and starting the horizontal one Billy allowed the seaplane to drop until it was a short distance above the lights.

He saw a long narrow object lying in an inlet and tied up to a small wharf. Men were loading supplies aboard this object and Billy quickly guessed that it was a German submarine. At the other side of the inlet a small fishing boat was tied up; Billy supposed that it was the boat that brought the supplies.

Billy realized that this was a secret submarine base and knew that quick action would be required to keep the submarine from leaving on another trip of destruction.

He quickly started the seaplane and brought it down in the water near the shore. After fastening it to a projecting point of rock with a rope, Billy made sure that the small automatic which he always carried was in readiness and then started for the inlet.

He carefully made his way down the rocky slope and hid behind a small shack which stood at the head of the wharf. About half way down the wharf stood two men who seemed to be in authority. One who shouted orders to the sailors in a foreign tongue, Billy decided was the submarine captain, while the other dressed in fisherman's clothes, he took for the fishing boat captain.

The sailors finished loading and went aboard the submarine, and the two captains entered the shack, behind which Billy lay hidden. Creeping around, Billy peeked in at the window. The two men apparently in very good humor were seated at a small table, drinking from a bottle which stood between them.

Billy crept to the door, and with his automatic ready, dashed in, ordering the men to throw up their hands.

After disarming them, Billy tied and gagged them both and laid them in a corner.

Billy knew that as soon as the men on the submarine found that the base was discovered, they would dash for the sea, and that he would therefore have to prevent them from leaving.

Glancing about the room he saw a small box in one corner labled "Dynamite, Handle With Care". He quickly opened it and found, not only several sticks of dynamite but also the detonating caps and a roll of fuse. Instantly he thought of a plan.

Billy grabbed the box and started for the entrance of the inlet. On one side of the narrow entrance the rock rose in a miniature cliff about thirty feet high. This rocky cliff was scarred and seamed from the action of the waves. Billy's plan was to dynamite this cliff so that it would prevent the submarine from leaving. As he had seen no small boat Billy thought they would be held there till a Revenue Cutter could be summoned.

Billy reached the cliff and after connecting the dynamite and fuse planted it in a small crack. He lit the fuse and darted back. An instant later there was a loud roar and then a splash. As Billy ran forward, he could see that the passage was completely filled, so that not even the fishing boat could escape.

The men on the submarine rushed out and as no one stirred from the shack, they went over to investigate. Billy, running to the seaplane, could hear their shouts of rage as they found their commander trussed up.

Upon reaching the seaplane, Billy was dismayed to find that the wave caused by the cliff falling into the water had wedged the hull tightly between two rocks. Working desperately he managed to move it several inches, but could get it no further. He could hear the German sailors looking for him and expected to hear their shouts of discovery at any minute. Using a stick for a lever Billy managed to free it just as a sailor shouted



that he had discovered an aeroplane. As he came lumbering down Billy jumped aboard and started the motors.

Just at dawn the officer on duty on the Revenue Cutter cruising off the Maine coast was surprised to see a peculiar seaplane land on the water a few feet away. As soon as Billy had told his story, the Revenue Cutter steamed for the island with Billy in the lead. The Germans were all found on the island and captured.

For this great service Billy received great praise. The villagers turned from their mutterings and spoke with praise of the boy who had brought Rockport to the notice of the public. And when Brandt offered his seaplane to the government it was instantly accepted.



## The Ghost that Snored

By ROBERTA BOLDT, '21J

THE house had been left to Mrs. Susan Atkinson by her uncle, Captain Walt Atkinson, and she had furnished it as a boarding house. In order to do this she had mortgaged it to Jacob Barnes, a distant cousin, who was exceedingly gruff and stingy.

One very stormy evening, Susan was talking to her niece, Ruth, when they heard some one call above the noise of the rain, wind and surf.

"Hi," came a shout, "Let me in. I'm drowning."

Susan ran to the door and opened it. The drenched figure of a man fell across the threshold in a heap upon the floor. It was Jacob Barnes. He had lost his way in the storm and was unable to travel further.

A small back bedroom on the third floor had been used by Captain Atkinson when he was not on his voyages. This, being the only unoccupied room in the house, was given to Jacob for the night.

Later when Ruth and Susan were going to bed they heard loud talking from the third floor. They ran upstairs and to the door of the back room. Within the room they heard Jacob's voice groaning and talking.

"Oh! please don't. Go away, Walt. I know I didn't keep my promise but I will do all in my power to make up for it. Just go away, please. I'm sorry."

In between the sentences could be heard the sound of snoring and long-drawn gasps and groans. Susan grasped her cousin's arm and they rushed downstairs. They were too frightened to sleep after that, so they stayed up and kept talking to keep up courage.

In the morning, Jacob Barnes came down. Except for his clothes, he was a changed man. He came in slowly and his face was white and drawn.

He said he wanted to speak to Susan alone. When the others had left the room Jacob said, "I've done wrong and a call of death has come."

"Years ago," he went on, "I swore that I would look out for you as long as you lived. When I was led here last night I had made up my mind to take your home from you as the mortgage was overdue. No mortal could change me, but an immortal did. I was first mate for your uncle, and at his death, I promised to help you whenever you were in trouble. Last night he came back. I could hear him snoring just as he snored before his death on the schooner. Give me a pen and ink and some paper."

Susan brought the writing materials and Jacob wrote a few lines. He called in Ruth to sign it as a witness. On the paper was written a cancellation of the mortgage and a receipt for the loan itself, in full, and signed, "Jacob Barnes."

He would not listen to any thanks.

Later in the day, after Jacob had left, Ruth and Susan went up to the room to investigate. The snoring was still going on. They hunted all over but could find nothing. Susan felt along the wall. Her hand struck a round, hollow place. "It's a stovepipe hole," she said, "and it has been papered over. It must lead to the basement."

She put her ear to the hole and the sounds of snoring were more distinct. "You stay here," she said, "while I go down and see."

Ruth waited and then she heard a frightened squeal and a grunt and suddenly the snoring stopped. Then a hollow voice cried, "I am thy father's ghost."

Ruth recognized her aunt's voice and hurried down to join her.

Susan laughed when she saw her and pointed to a pig which she had bought a short time ago. The pig pen was just outside the shed that led to the basement. The pig had gone inside of the shed for shelter from the storm.

"So this is what gave Jacob Barnes his warning," Ruth said, "Well we will not tell him or he will forget his good resolutions and demand that we give him back the paper."



## Yellow?

By M. CAVANAUGH

FOR two years Bill Hyde, a big, husky-looking boy, had attended school. Only once during those two years had he signed up for football. That time he had practiced just two weeks. This seemed strange as he had a good "boot" and could kick the ball from any part of the field, at any time and make those kicks count. School talk centered on Bill's failure to sign up and he was generally criticized and labeled "yellow."

At the beginning of the third season, Bill could not stand this talk any longer so he went out for the team. When practice was called, about fifty boys showed up. Much to the surprise of everyone Bill Hyde was among them. He came out every night and worked hard to make the team. But to the disgust of his captain and the coach, Bill would not tackle low and hard. The result was that he did not make the team on account of this weakness.

Again he was the target of talk around the school. He did not have a friend to whom he could go and talk, without being reminded of his "yellow streak". Still, every night he came out and worked hard. Under orders from the coach, all the other fellows were to "smear" Bill at every opportunity. In this way, the coach and captain hoped that they could work Bill up to a fighting mood. But they did not succeed, for Bill took all the "maulings" and "call downs" without a word. Finally the coach gave it up.

The first two league games had been played and won. Practice for the last and hardest game of the season lasted until dark each night. Bill Hyde came out as usual, not missing a night and staying until the end of each practice.

The great day arrived. The bleachers were filled with the loyal rooters of both schools.

As the time grew near, both schools gave peppy yells, each trying to drown the rival voices. Lick's team was the first on the field. The players were greeted by a rousing "Alibebo" which sounded and resounded through the whole field. Then Lowell's team came out and was received with the big Lowell yell. After the Lowell team, came the

"subs" of both schools and took their positions on the sidelines. Among these fellows was Bill Hyde. He was looking rather sad and seemed to be thinking deeply.

A few instructions from the referee, a whistle, and the game was on. Lowell had the kick-off, and by following up on the ball was able to gain twenty yards. A scrum was called and Lowell advanced the ball still farther into Lick's territory. Lick, playing a defensive game, carried the ball to the center of the field. It see-sawed from one side to the other until, in the last five minutes of the half, Lowell went over twice, converting both tries.

When the pistol cracked the score was 10-0.

The Lick men stayed on the field while the Lowell men went to the club house. The game seemed lost but it wasn't, for the Lick-Wilmerding "Tiger Spirit" was not beaten. The coach called his men together. Bill Hyde slowly walked out to hear what the coach had to say. Bill seemed to be angry. He was! As soon as he arrived the coach turned on him.

"Hyde! you 'yellow dogger'! If you would come out and play the game that you can play, the score would be different.

Bill was angry when he came out, but now he was very angry. Not thinking, he made a "pass" at the coach. This is what the coach wanted to see. He thought to himself: "I wonder if Bill Hyde has come to his senses?" He proceeded to find out by engaging Bill in a good man's fight. The coach, a big fellow, was hitting him as hard as he could swing, but the blows seemed to have no effect on Bill who returned blow for blow until one which landed square on the coach's eye separated them.

The coach allowed Bill to go in, in the next half and his presence in the line up began to show up from the very first. Before three minutes had passed, Bill had scored and converted. After playing some time he received the ball from the half back and started for the goal line, but he was tackled about four feet from the goal posts, against which he hit his head. This was the last he remembered of the game. While in this state he managed to carry the ball near enough to the line to enable his team mates to score; but the try was not converted. He again received the ball and with the aid of the other players scored but failed to convert.

The pistol cracked. The game was won. The score stood 10-11 in Lick's favor.

The coach and the team gathered at Bill's home that evening. The coach asked Bill for an explanation of why he had not played the game as he played today before now. Bill's answer was in the form of a piece of newspaper dated Reno, Nevada, which read:

"A sad accident occurred today at the annual football game between the two High Schools of the city when Harry James had both ankles broken and suffered internal injuries. This happened when James was tackled by Bill Hyde, the half back of Reno High School."

The coach looked at Bill and said, "That was only a bit of hard luck on your part as such a thing does not happen very often in Rugby."

Bill returned by saying, "I know it doesn't happen very often but when it does happen it means a great deal of suffering for the party who is hurt and also for the one who has caused his injury. James was in the hospital for some time and I did not care to try to give anybody else the same experience. That's why I didn't tackle hard and low."

All the fellows said that they would have felt the same way and they were all glad that Bill had proved to them and the school that he was not yellow. The coach forgave him as the fellows had done and foot-ball was the subject talked about until the small hours of the morning.

# A Dumb Hero

By R. E. McCLINTON, '20 X

THE great world war is over. Many stories are read of the heroes of the battles, of those who gave their lives for the good of humanity. But how few of these stories are told of the dumb heroes, the dogs of war! The dog hero, fearless, always trustful and obedient, did his work as he has always done it, from willingness to carry out the bidding of his master as a willing slave "even unto death". To impress on our memories the deeds, heroic all, of these noble warriors, I here relate a story about one of them.

Among the "first hundred thousand" to land across the sea was a regiment composed of national guardsmen. This regiment had donated to it, as a mascot, a little collie pup. The puppy was of a golden hue with, here and there, large spots of silvery gray dotting his beautiful coat. On the transport the men shared their food with it, teased it playfully, and won its hearty affection and absolute trust. Little did they know that this love and trust was soon to save them all from certain death!

The little fellow grew fat and sleek from good food and care and, after being billeted in France for a month, he began to assume the proportions of a big grown dog. His muscles, from constant exercise, grew firm; his whole body seemed to vibrate strength and unlimited energy. He was taught to be unafraid of the great shells and other missiles of war, to despise those big men who wore helmets with a spike at the tip-top and two vultures on a shield in front. He was even taught to carry messages of great importance.

Then came the front line trenches. Under camouflaged helmets, with camouflaged guns and a mighty supply of equipment, the troops made their way forward under the cover of the early morning hours. Their destination was the Chateau Thierry front where the Americans were to make their first big drive, and, sitting on a giant cannon, viewing all movements with undivided attention, was the strong young collie. As his regiment left the path traversed by the guns, the dog followed it. The trench was reached and the collie turned up his nose and sniffed as if in disgust. The wind was blowing toward the American lines and the scent, suggesting the Hun which he hated with all his dog heart, reached his sensitive nostrils.

The regiment went over the top and the dog (was he not part of the regiment?) went with it. The Germans fled and the boys pressed on. They forgot, in their enthusiasm, to stop at a certain distance and continued their good work. They stopped only from fatigue and then found themselves alone and surrounded on three sides! On the fourth was a three thousand yard space raked by enemy fire. The dog growled sullen defiance. He saw, after hours of defense, his tired but determined friends still answering the enemy fire.

But ammunition does not last forever. The supply is almost exhausted. The men cannot hold out much longer. Something must be done or——surrender! A relief party of four starts forth but they are all shot down. Not five hundred feet can be traversed by a human courier without death being his master. The regiment sadly fights on and then, as a last resort, the dog, the little mascot collie, has a message tied to his collar. The captain points to the distant trench, almost two miles away. He points and the dog barks eagerly. Willingly he will go, to face death itself, if it will but please his master. The hand is taken from his collar, and with one leap he gains the top of the trench and starts off toward that distant line. The battle-worn men cheer heartily and the dog seems to redouble his efforts.

He goes forward with the speed of a rocket. His feet seem to fly over the ground; his body looks like a golden streak of lightning with a twinkle of silver now and again. For one thousand of that three thousand yards, raked by deadly fire, he travels on a



line as straight and unerring, it seems, as that traversed by a flock of wild ducks in flight. Then there is a deadly silence among those of the hemmed-in regiment. The dog stumbles, seems about to fall, but no! He rises! By a super effort he starts on, his speed as swift as ever. A murmur of relief comes from the tensely watching men. Even the enemy ceases firing a moment to watch this great race with the swift runner, Death

The sharpshooters blaze forth more fiercely than ever. That dog must not reach the supporting column. On, on, on he travels toward the gray ridge, the top of the trench. Leaden missiles hit in front, behind, all around him. Is he protected by some unseen power? The watching Americans see him becoming smaller, ever smaller in the distance. He seems to be almost to the line: but five hundred feet away. The soldiers become excited indeed. A cheer echoes and re-echoes toward the brave animal. But a horrified silence comes.

The beautiful dog crumples into a pitiful heap. The soldiers watch. A groan and a desperate look comes from each. Is he—dead? No, he again rises; he staggers; he falls? No he does not fall. He is a few hundred feet from the protecting line. By an effort which only the greatest strength and will can exert he reels on, bleeding, muddy, mortally wounded, at any time ready to fall.

He again pitches forward, another bullet taking effect. He lies still. Ten feet away is the trench. He begins to move, barely to move forward. His only motive power is in his fore-legs and upper muscles. His lower limbs are paralyzed. Two feet, four feet, six, eight feet, moves the almost lifeless body. It collapses and remains motionless, a target for enemy bullets. An arm comes from the trench, a firm hand pulls the dog to safety but he needs a protecting trench no longer. He is dead.

The Americans by hundreds go over the top. The regiment is saved, but by whom, by what? By that faithful, loving creature, man's most intelligent animal friend, the dog.

And so it was that he saved these adored gods but his own beautiful body, once pulsating with life and energy, now lies cold and still. It has performed its last great duty and service for mankind.



## Our Flag

By LOUISE BETTIN, '20J

I looked across the morning sky,  
Still gray with shades of night;  
I watched the grayness slowly die  
And the morning sun grow bright.

But just before the sun shone full,  
I saw a speck arise;  
Up, up it went with steady pull,  
'Till it nearly reached the skies.

Our own dear banner did not lag  
This morning still so fair.  
The morning breeze caught up the flag;  
And flung it in the air.

My thoughts went with it to the top.  
How our hopes daily rise!  
Each day we strive and never stop,  
Till we too reach the skies.

# The Indian Raid in Yosemite Valley

By MARSDEN SEABROOK '22J

**T**HIS raid occurred during the stay of the Oakland Boy Scouts in Yosemite Valley. They had been in their camp at the foot of Yosemite falls for nearly a fortnight and were preparing to leave the valley in their big trucks.

During their stay some of the scouts had been using the Indian camp as a place of amusement, where they could go and, as those who frequented the camp said, study habits of the Red men who still inhabit the land of their forefathers. But, one day one of the Indians reported the theft of a box from his camp, presumably by one of the Scouts. The ranger immediately told the Scout leader what the Indian had said. As a result the Scouts were forbidden to go to the Indian camp. But as always there were a few adventurous spirits who wanted to see the Red man's wigwams and to see what he had for dinner. After this invasion of their camp the Indians became openly hostile toward the boys. The camp of the Indians was not more than five hundred yards from the Scout camp. This shows what an easy time the Indians had reaching the Scout camp unobserved. This condition of hostility was continued until the Scouts were ready to leave.

On Sunday night, the Scoutmaster happened to tell some Indian stories and adventures, and as a result the boys were feeling rather spooky when they went to bed. This was natural considering the terms on which the Scouts stood with the Indians, and because they had heard from the Rangers that a considerable force of Indians had been seen coming into the valley from the mountains.

At about twelve o'clock, when the Scouts were all asleep, a horrible noise was heard. It awakened the Scouts from their dreams and threw them into a panic because of their nervous condition concerning the Indians. This panic was increased by the Scoutmasters who ran through all the tents and gave instructions to run to the "mess house" which was situated about a half a mile away, and there to barricade themselves.

This sudden awakening was caused by the long expected Indian raid on the Scout camp. The Scouts, who, at the first alarm had started to dress, left their clothes behind and started on the fastest 880 yard dash that any of them ever ran before or since. On reaching the "mess house" the one hundred and five scouts in various stages of dress, some in their underwear, some in night gowns or pajamas, some with a pair of pants on, others with only shoes, and still others with nothing on at all, filed quickly inside. After waiting a few minutes a fusilade of shots was heard accompanied with the rapid exhausts of a motor car. In another minute the Scout executive rode up with his wife and baby. The door was unbarred and they entered. Through the window could be seen some of the Indians on horseback. Soon more appeared, some on foot and some on horses. They quickly surrounded the Scouts' shelter, and tried to break in a back door.

In the meantime one of the Scoutmasters had gone out to summon the rangers. While he was gone, the Indians broke one of the windows and diverted the Scouts' attention from the back door to the broken pane. With fewer Scouts at the attacked door, the Indians, who presumably had given up hope of gaining entrance at that point, renewed their attack and succeeded in forcing the door. The Scouts who were at the door bravely stayed at their posts and put up a stout resistance against the Indians who opposed them. One of the larger boys downed his man with a flying tackle and then proceeded to pummel him. On touching his face, the Scout discovered that it was covered with paint. This he thought to be war paint, but when some thoughtful Scout turned on the lights he found that it was a white man with whom he had to deal. And, wonder of wonders, it was his own beloved Scoutmaster!



From then on the game was up. The supposed Indian raid was a joke planned by the Scoutmasters. No Scout had stolen a box from the Indians, no Scout had disobeyed the rules, and the Indians seen coming into the valley by the Rangers were only coming in for the Fourth of July. The firing was done by the Rangers, who were in on the joke. But there were also Indians in on the joke. This accounted for the only too genuine Indian yells which had frightened the Scouts out of a sound sleep.

After all the excitement had died away, three large freezers of ICE CREAM appeared from "nowhere" and was distributed to the hungry Scouts. The ice cream was eaten, with cakes, around a huge campfire and then all walked the half mile back to camp, tired but satisfied.



## The Henry

W. HAHIR, '20 J

There was a wise old Senior  
Who had a stately horse,  
But when he tried to guide him  
He had to use much force.

He knew a friendly Junior  
Who with him used to board,  
This kindly friend advised him once  
To buy a little Ford.

He saved two hundred dollars,  
And bought a Lizz in town,  
But when he was returning,  
The consarn thing broke down.

He got out to examine it  
And summon a few men,  
But when he got down underneath  
It ran all right again.

And then the wise old Senior  
Knew it had the power,  
For after it was warmed up well  
It made ten miles an hour.

He then took it to Berkeley  
And hooked it to a plow,  
Started out across the field,  
And scared a nearby cow

The cow in fury rushed it,  
And with great anger loaded,  
Gave the Lizz a mighty buck,  
And it, at once, exploded.

Now if you go out walking  
And pass this Senior's way  
You'll see out in the pasture,  
An old horse eating hay.

# In Little York

By STILLMAN

THIS is the account of an adventure which befell my chum and me during a summer vacation which we were spending in the Sierras. My chum's father owns a small summer home at a place called Dutch Flat, the remains of a once flourishing mining town of the early days in California. The country up there is rather wild. There are snakes and coyotes and other wild things which oblige you to take a gun of some kind if you are planning to camp out; otherwise you may wake up some morning and wonder where the grub has gone. However there is usually no doubt as to where it has gone, for the noise connected with its going usually wakes you up without much trouble. But without a gun how prevent its departure?

On this particular hike we had a gun along, the burden of it bestowed upon my chum, he being the better shot of the two. The incident occurred on our way home, as we were passing through the wreck of an old deserted settlement once called "Little York." There were a few houses still standing and they smacked of adventure so Lem and I, feeling the mood, started to explore. We entered first one house and then another without finding much of interest. At last near the road we came upon one, which was full of things we had been hoping to find. It seemed as if this place had been used as a store house for all the things from all the other houses. There were gold pans and pouches, a couple of old muzzel-loading shot-guns, and everything else we could possibly have hoped for; also in the corner there was an enormous pile of plates, saucers, cups and dishes of all sorts, neatly stacked and covering quite an area.

We were delighted. We set down our things, and Lem unstrapped the heavy gun and laid it on top of a barrel. Then we fell to, and hunted, and fussed and scraped around, looking at everything, and piling all the things we wanted in a separate heap, where we could get at them more conveniently. Then things dropped sort of dead. We couldn't find much more of interest and were going to quit, when I stumbled on a box full of personal belongings. Among them were a couple of old watches which had to be wound with a key, old-fashioned cuff-links, a pocket pistol with two barrels, and other more or less curious things. There excitement rose again, and the more we pawed around among those things the more excited we became, when suddenly we were petrified by a voice from the door:—

"Put 'em up! Reach for the roof quick!"

We reached all right, and turned to find ourselves looking down the business end of a .30-.30, and behind it a tall, fierce looking 'hombre', with a droopy mustache and cool gray eyes. For a full minute nothing happened, and then everything made up for lost time. Lem with his true Texas instinct, jumped for his gun, slipped, grabbed me for support which I couldn't give, and pulled us both headlong into the pile of dishes with a crash that could have been heard for miles. But just before it came another, and we were both conscious that a bullet had not missed us by so very much.

What might have happened after that no one can say, but our fall into the dishes cut such a funny figure that it broke the tension, if there was one—I was too excited to know. Anyhow we scrambled to our feet, and the 'hombre' seeing we were just a couple of kids dropped his gun and asked us, "what the h— we were doing in his house."

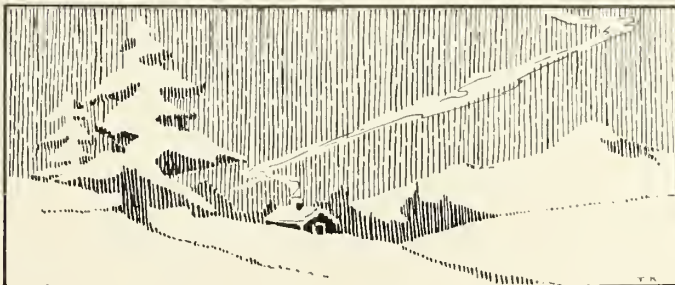
So he was the owner. Lem and I trembled in our boots. We didn't even know the place had an owner; it had been deserted for so long. We told him this; but he was rightly indignant. He said that he and a friend were riding by and had noticed the open window, by which we had entered, and had investigated. We started to explain again how it all was, when his companion arrived on the scene with a rush. Warned by the shot, he had his gun in his hand.

But he was another surprise, for he turned out to be a man whom we both knew well, and who, of course, recognized us immediately. And so matters ended. We talked it over and parted friends, and our host gave us a gold pouch out of the heap as a remembrance, which we have kept to this day. This man I have seen many times since, in fact I have ridden range for him for two summers, but never do I see him, even for a few minutes, but what he teases me about the number of dishes we broke that day.



## The Night After Christmas

'Twas the night after Christmas, and all through the flat,  
Every creature was wide awake—barring the cat.  
I got up to see just what was the matter  
Put on my trousers and donned an old wrapper,  
Rushed out in the entry, threw the door open wide,  
Knocked at my neighbor's and hurried inside.  
The stockings were flung in a heap on the chair.  
Things upside down but no candy was there,  
The children were all doubled up in their beds,  
Sick to their tummies with pains in their heads.  
Mother heated water, and father employed  
By walking the kid who was terribly annoyed.  
At once I was startled by a knock on the door.  
And hurried to see what the commotion was for.  
There was the doctor, all bundled from chills,  
Who had brought along with him medicine and pills;  
He came to the nursery and opened his pack  
Full of fine castor oil and strong epicac.  
The children all yelled in voices of pain,  
And the kid serenaded all over again.  
He felt all their pulses and looked at their tongues,  
Took all their temperatures and sounded their lungs.  
When he'd quite finished and silenced the kid,  
He talked with the folks and down the stairs slid.  
I stopped him and chatted for a little while then,  
He replied with a smile, "I've just made a ten.  
I'm away behind in my appointments, I fear,  
But I wish it was Christmas each day in the year."  
—W. C. JENKEL, '20 J.



# Her Revelation

By GERTRUDE MAMLOCK, '21 J

WHEN we speak of turning points in life, we do not always mean points at all. More often, the roadway bends from its accustomed direction and veers to the right or left so gradually that it is only after the traveler has grown familiar with the new pastures that he can look back and decide the hour or day that marked the beginning of the change. Jean Grantley, sitting in a balcony rest-room and watching with unhappy eyes the hurrying shoppers on the floor below her, did not know that she had come to the parting of the ways.

Jean was waiting for her noon hour to be over; there was nothing that she wanted to do, but she did not wish to return to the office before schedule time. It was raining, a discouraged, drizzling Autumn rain and Jean was discouraged too, as dismal as the weather.

Last night had been another failure, to add to a long, long list of failures. Her employer had entertained the entire office staff at his beautiful city house, and everybody had seemed to have a good time, that is everybody but Jean. She had been sure before she left home that she would not have a good time; it was hard for her to spend an evening with comparative strangers.

Perhaps she thought, it might have been better if her blue dress had fitted. Added to this was the disadvantage at which she felt when she entered the already filled living room. Over her swept the feeling she always had in a crowd and this added its miseries to her already uncomfortable state. Jean was very grateful to Mrs. Harding, the hostess, for her earnest efforts to put her at ease, but it was useless.

When supper time came and Jean learned that her partner was Mr. Prescott, of the office staff, it was doubly hard. She knew that the supper partner was likely to ask to take the girl home, but she knew that she had once appeared stupid in his eyes and of course, he was bored. She felt sure that as soon as politeness would permit, her partner would leave her for a more interesting and sociable one.

Her unhappy foreboding proved correct. Her partner returned her to the davenport beside Mrs. Harding and left her. She was perhaps the only one in the room who realized that she was there.

When it was time for the guests to go, Mrs. Harding had stopped Jean just inside the bedroom door.

"Miss Blaine and Mr. Prescott are going your way," she said. "They will see that you get home safely. Good night, my dear."

And today it was raining!

Jean glanced at the clock. She must do an errand for her mother; so she opened her pay envelope, which she had thrust unopened into her bag, and to her surprise she found three dollars more than had been there last week. At first she was puzzled, thinking there had been a mistake. Then she remembered that this date marked the beginning of the firm's fiscal year. It was a "raise"—an unmistakable, three dollar-a-week "raise."

She was pleased, of course, for she had worked conscientiously, and was glad to have both the money and the appreciation. But, after all, money would not buy friends, good fellowship, happy social intercourse.

On her way back to the office she paused a moment outside a music store. There were studios above the store and from the window of one came the sweet voice of a woman. With her added income, she could take lessons and learn to sing, which had been her hope since she was a small child. She really had a good voice when a child and had sung in the church choir. She left her typewriter at five and retraced her steps to



the music store. She paused inside the studio and a man came forward. Jean explained what she wanted. They tried out her voice and the man seemed very much pleased with the results. She was to come every Tuesday at a quarter after five.

However, music was not the only thing that was to arouse in Jean a real interest. One day she overheard a discussion on hairdressing by the girls at the lunch table. Jean tried to dress her hair in the style they had suggested and found that it improved her wonderfully. Perhaps an appearance, like a voice, could be cultivated.

This supposition was proven true the next day when Charles Prescott stopped at her desk on a business errand. He seemed a bit friendly in a personal way. After he had left her she worked on for the rest of the afternoon, with a queer, warm, little feeling.

One morning as she was walking to the office, a car stopped and Charles Prescott hurried out of it. He fell into step beside her and walked over to the office. They talked of the new office policy, and at no time did they speak of music; yet it sang in the back of Jean's mind and found its echo in her happy, light commonplaces. Two or three times after that he stopped at her desk at closing time for a moment of nonsense. She wondered why it was so much easier to talk to him now than it had been at Mrs. Harding's party.

Jean bought a ticket for a concert at which Alma Gluck was to sing. On the night of the concert her street car broke down and when Jean finally reached the Auditorium and hurried down the aisle, it was in semi-darkness. She slipped in past two men and seated herself just as the first notes of the first number were sounded. It was an orchestra selection. It closed, and there was an encore. Then the diva was to come. She was young, slim and lovely, Jean listened spellbound. At last the concert was over and Jean understood now why she had begun to study, knew why she was willing to go on, making large efforts for little successes.

The lights flared on, and Jean, rising to leave, found that she had been sitting beside Charles Prescott. He walked home with her and they talked music. It seemed he played the violin. Jean invited him over to practice with her on the piano, and he accepted. When he shook hands at the door, Jean saw, even in the semi-darkness, his eyes. And they were looking at her as the assistant cashier's had looked at Caroline.

Next morning Caroline could refrain no longer from speaking of the sudden change in Jean.

"Change?" said Jean in a surprised tone.

"Why, you look lovely today," said Caroline.

"Oh, Caroline!" Jean laughed. "It's just because I am happy. It wasn't the singing, but the interest I took in the singing, that made the difference."

"That is what has made the change in you," said Caroline. "You seem just crazy about being alive."

"I am," said Jean honestly. "I guess it takes some one vital interest to shake a person into realizing how interesting everything is. It makes a person so much happier."

"Also," added Caroline, "it makes her so much more interesting to other people."

"Some way," said Jean, "it takes you out of the side-lines of living and lets you play the game. You stop looking on and thinking that everybody is watching you look on. You're part of it all. You—"

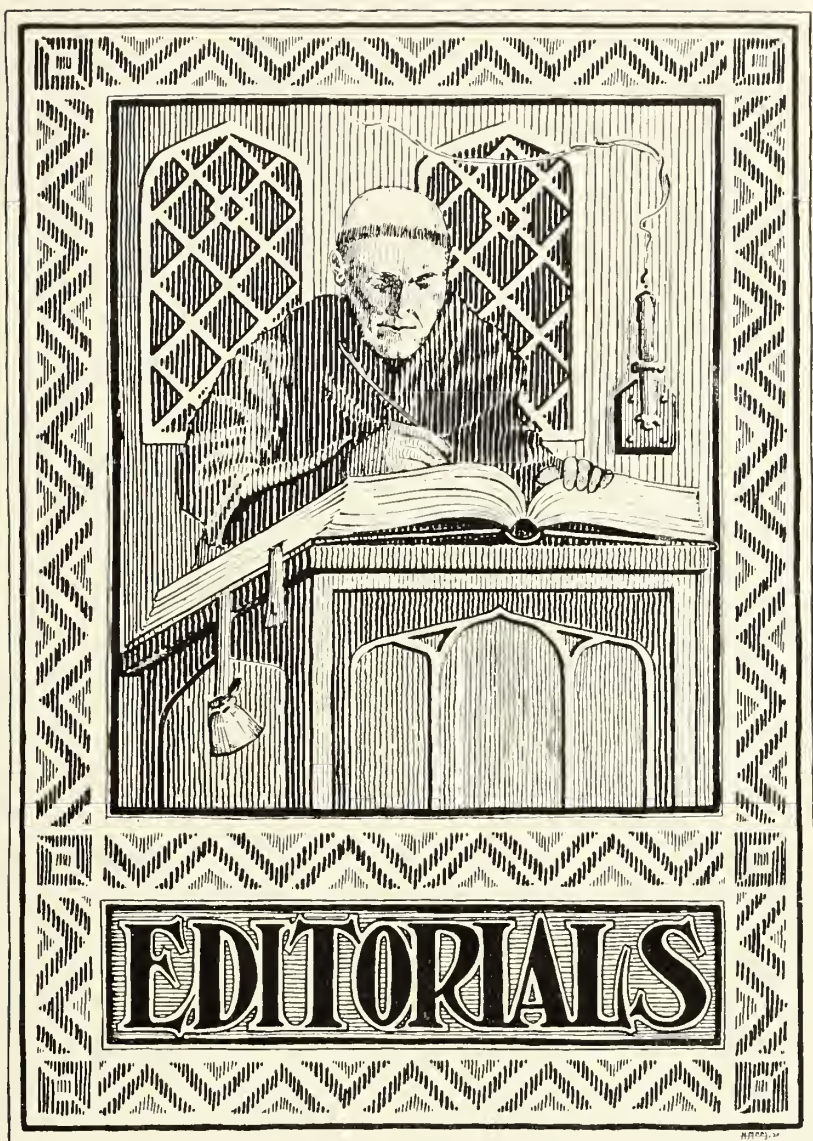
"Am I interrupting anything thrilling?"

Charles Prescott had paused behind her chair. His words were for both, but his eyes were for Jean alone. A queer little feeling, warm, half choking with its happiness, swept over her. For a moment she wondered if this, too, was a part of life she would have missed if she had not found the key. Then she forgot to wonder, forgot everything except the flaming present, the joy of living.

## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS



WE EXTEND OUR DEEP AND SINCERE APPRECIATION FOR THEIR UNTIRING AND SUCCESSFUL WORK ON BEHALF OF THE JOURNAL TO ALL MEMBERS OF THE STAFF, BOTH STUDENT AND FACULTY, AND TO THOSE OTHERS WHO WERE SO KIND AND HELPFUL TO US. ESPECIALLY DO WE THANK MRS. ORR, MISS BOULWARE AND HER AIDS, PARTICULARLY FOURTAINE. TO MR. BRADEN AND MISS BRADEN, OF THE BRADEN PRINTING CO., MR. ANTZ AND MR. RITCHIE OF THE SIERRA ART CO., AND TO THE LAFAYETTE STUDIO, WE DESIRE TO EXPRESS OUR GRATITUDE FOR THEIR ADVICE AND SPLENDID EFFORTS FOR THIS ISSUE OF THE L. W. L. LIFE.





EDITH



FRANKIE



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**T**HIS is the first L. W. L. Life ever edited by a Christmas Class. It stands as a record of school life, of the accomplishments of the past six months, and also of the Senior Class. You all will find in future years a great deal contained between its fly-leaves that will bring back to your memories the pleasant days you have spent with your fellow classmates and faculty. It will bind the class together and help cement the memory of friendships that will never die.

To the Senior Class we hope that this book will be a valued remembrance of your friendships and attachment to Lick-Wilmerding—an attachment that, as the years pass, and responsibilities heap upon your shoulders, grows stronger, rather than weaker.

The Student Body, with its organizations, the faculty and the name Lick-Wilmerding have given you more than you will ever be able to return. The Student Body and its officers have spent many hours planning for the term's social functions, by which they have hoped to bring every student into the life of the school.

The members of the Faculty have always been your advisers and uplifters. They have given to you, during four years, a chance for mental as well as physical, development. If there are some of you who do not appreciate this today because you have in mind the dreary hours spent in work, the time will come when you will find that what you have learned will prove of great value to you in your future work. Then the full value of your education at Lick-Wilmerding will be deeply appreciated. The name, Lick-Wilmerding should bring to your memories the names of two great and noble men, who, with forethought for the education of future generations, saw fit to bequeath a large part of their fortunes to the aid of ambitious students. Those of you who have benefited by the generosity of these men, should hold the names Lick-Wilmerding in reverence, for they have afforded you a stepping stone to your success.

### School Spirit

**I**'M known by every fellow of Lick-Wilmerding and every girl of Lux. I've been a member of the L. W. L. Student Body ever since it was organized. In fact, it was on my account that it was organized and I enabled our school government to be a government which is mainly self-controlling or governing.

The majority of the Freshmen entering our school become acquainted with me at once and immediately support the Student Body activities. Some of their classmates, however, are rather slow in realizing my importance and do very little to promote the welfare of the Student Body, but as time goes on, the fact that I have at least found a deep place in their hearts is shown, for one by one they come out to back up some form of school activity. It is my influence that persuades them to fulfill their duties.

One thing that pleases me is to see every L. W. L. student present at a rally. It shows that we still have the good old school support for which we have always been noted; and when that rally is opened with a monstrous "Ali-be-bo," or a snappy "Brackity Ax" that rattles every door knob and window in the building, and every student yells until he or she is blue in the face, then I am tickled pink.

Another pleasing sight is to see all my loyal supporters in the grandstand at a football game, with the black and gold colors flying triumphantly in their midst. After the game has started and whether we are winning or losing I have taught them all how to act. "Keep fighting," and the fighting Tiger stands the test; and every L. W. L. student present at such a game is behind that Tiger Team backing it up. I keep that Team fighting when hope is gone, fighting till the last.

And in a similar manner I have taught all other teams produced by L. W. L. never to say die. So now, my friends, stick with me and remember that "In Union there is Strength," and our school will in the future line up its splendid reputation of the past.



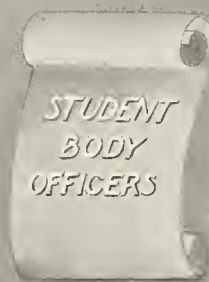




*Florence Hunsberger*



*Anna Springer*



*Hazel Lange*



*Alice C. Webster*



*Gladys Bruck*

## The President's Message

THE new term opened with great success. All the girls came back from their vacations feeling fine and ready to resume their studies. As the new Freshman class entered two weeks late, the old students had already begun class work and the classes had reorganized. A week before the new girls came in, a rally was held at which the girls were asked to display their Lux spirit of helpfulness by being responsible for every Freshman. On the following Monday the Freshmen entered. The girls certainly responded generously to our call, and at eleven o'clock we assembled in the Lecture Room for the first formal Student Body meeting of the year. Miss Otto greeted the new girls and explained the different courses the school offered them. While other schools offer many opportunities to a young girl, Lux not only affords academic training, but prepares her for the home. Furthermore she learns hygiene and sanitation preparation and serving of a meal, home decorating, sewing and millinery. The student government of Lux was also explained and all the teachers impressed upon the girls their willingness to help them in all ways possible, all the time.

The next rally was the first big one. It was a welcome rally given by the entire school to the Freshmen and to Miss Stewart. The girls displayed a lot of 'pep' and the rooting was good. After the noise died down the Senior class gave a clever welcome stunt. They also presented a Fashion Show which was a burlesque on the various departments. Some of the funniest costumes were "The Kitchen Gown", "The Catastrophe," and "The Earthquake." The second half of the rally was given over to the introduction of the various school activities. Anna Springer, representing the Glee Club, sang; Ruth Boyd and other Sophomore girls gave a stunt advertising the orchestra; Lillian Seamas spoke for the Camera Club; Anita McElroy, Rose Brown and Helen Burkhardt represented the Debating Society and the Dramatic Club and Gladys Buck urged the support of Basket-ball. For the grand finale all the girls came out and invited the Freshman class to join in the activities.

The third rally held at Lux was one of the entire Lick-Wilmerding-Lux Student Body. George Mitchel presided. The purpose of the rally was to announce the Lowell game. Miss Otto spoke urging the students to support the team. Several of the boys were called upon to speak on the game. As president of the Lux Student Body, on behalf of the girls I promised loyal support from Lux in return for the splendid enthusiastic spirit Lick-Wilmerding had shown in the past when the Lux girls needed their aid. A similar request was made for support of the Lick-Wilmerding Senior Farce. This was also backed by the students. The rally closed with an "Alibabo". Lux again displayed her fine school spirit and supported the Lick-Wilmerding foot-ball team and Senior Farce by buying her allotted share of tickets for both events.

Another rally was held October 24th. Miss Otto congratulated the girls on the way in which they were carrying on their work. The Junior class offered a clever stunt advertising the Senior Farce. The Glee Club gave a well-played selection. An outline for Christmas Charity work was read and work was assigned to each class headed by its president. Mr. Stone and Mr. Young thanked the girls for their loyal support of "The Amazons". Captain Johnson urged the girls to give them the same backing at the foot-ball game with Cogswell.

This semester certainly has been successful and it is to be hoped that next term the girls will still keep up their excellent school spirit. With such a principal as Miss Otto, with her ever helpful, kind and motherly way, and the willing faculty, certainly there is no reason why Lux should not have many another successful year.

(Signed) JOHANNA GUNZBURGER.





*Geo Mitchell*



*Nelson Grovers*



*Al Carr*

*STUDENT  
BODY  
OFFICERS*



*Max A. Kumb*



*My Fittell*



## L. W. President's Report

**F**OR more than four years the Lick and Wilmerding Student Bodies have been united, and there is growing every year a stronger and more stable organization. The spirit and interest in this organization can not be excelled by any other institution of its kind.

This Student Body is upheld by many different forms of student activities. Some fellows in each class devote a great part of their time and experience to bettering some student activity and help to uphold the good name and honor of this school. That is the spirit which is a benefit to us all, and is appreciated by this institution.

We are all members of this organization and it is up to each one of us to uphold its reputation in every activity. We must all remember the future and work and plan for it. Make the future better than the past and every one of us will be proud to call himself a member of the Lick-Wilmerding Student Body.

The support which the Student Body has given to athletics has been very good, but that is least one can do in support of those, who devote their time and pleasure to upholding the good name of the school. The fellows, whom you support in athletics deserve all the support each one of you can give them, and it should be given them freely, without continuous coaxing. If more fellows went out for athletics they would realize what they were missing and would regret the time they lost in finding it out. Every student in this institution has the ability to become an athlete, one way or another, and the least he can do is to give this Student Body his support for the share of honor he is taking by being a member of it.

If you fellows want a good Student Body you have all the opportunity in the world if you will only take advantage of it and put it to good use. During the four years that I have been in this institution there has existed only one kind of spirit and that is the winning spirit, which means, always to be on top and never stop until the top is gained. This has caused many a combat, but every fellow who takes part in these combats is sure proud of it, and always will be as long as he can remember. That is the kind of spirit, which gains for all of us, and it is up to all of us to let that spirit come to the front and fight its way to the top.

I take this as the last opportunity to thank the entire Student Body for the loyal support which you have given me during my term of office. I certainly appreciate it and hope you will give the same support to the fellow you choose to be your leader next term. If everyone of you get, into school activities with the determination to make them a success you are sure to have a prosperous future and will be proud of the work you have done. Do not be a "slacker" and let the other fellow do it all, but make up your mind to get in and do as much as a dozen other fellows and you will succeed, not only in school functions but after you leave school and go out into the world. I wish to thank the Faculty for the interest they have taken in student activities, because advice from a member of the Faculty means a great deal to all of us.

I hope that in the future we shall always hear of Lick-Wilmerding as the school with the "never-die spirit."

(Signed) GEO. MITCHEL.



# Lux Student-Body Report

THE first meeting of the Board of Control was called to order by President Gunzburger on October 6, 1919. The following points were discussed:

I.—An organization for settlement work with Miss Tucker as a leader. The Seniors have already had some experience in this work. At Christmas 1917 they gave gift stockings to groups of poor children. The work was very successful and much pleasure was afforded both the children and the class.

II.—The awarding of a Circle "L" to Florence LeVance, a snappy basketball player who was injured at the Dominican Convent game in 1918 and has since left school.

III.—The new plan for athletics. The constitution adopted reads as follows:

1.—All school teams shall be abolished and henceforth only class teams shall be organized for competition.

2.—The instructors in Physical Education in each school will work to establish appreciation of, and participation in sports for the "joy of it," rather than for inter-scholastic contests.

3.—Interschool athletics shall be limited to four contests per school year in each of the following sports: baseball, basket-ball, tennis, swimming. Contests shall not be arranged with schools in other towns or cities.

4.—All interschool contests shall be conducted without the attendance of boys.

5.—All interschool contests shall be arranged on the basis of an invitation "to play a friendly game". Visiting teams shall be treated as guests.

6.—It shall be considered improper to attempt to arrange for interschool games out of seasons. Approved seasons shall be as follows: first, for basket-ball, from October 15th to December 1st. Second, for baseball, tennis and swimming, from April 1st to May 31st.

7.—Training rules prescribed by the Instructors in physical education for girls shall be in effect in all schools entering interschool contests.

8.—Qualification for Block Letters.

To be awarded Block Letters:

1.—A girl shall have previously received numerals.

2.—She shall have kept training rules.

3.—The girl's scholarship shall be satisfactory to the principal of her school.

4.—A girl shall have satisfactory posture (her best effort).

5.—The girl's appearance shall be neat at all times, and she shall wear accepted costume on the class floor and on the athletic field.

6.—The girl's sportsmanship shall be acceptable to the team and to the Instructor in physical education.

9.—Qualification for numerals.

1.—The class team shall be made twice.

2.—Training rules shall be kept.

3.—Sportsmanship shall be acceptable to the team and to the Instructor in physical education.

4.—Scholarship shall be satisfactory to the principal of the school.

Awards:

First year	.....No award
Second year	.....Numerals
Third year	.....Block letters
Fourth year	.....Gold star

IV. The secretary of the Student Body was, according to custom, nominated and elected.

The list of Student Body Officers for the year reads as follows:

President, Johanna Gunzburger, '20J.

Vice-President, Anna Springer, '20J.

Editor, Beatrice Barrangon, '20J.

Manager, Doris Gierisch, '20J.

Song Leader, Gladys Buck, '20J.

Property Managers, Fern Scott, 22J, Mildred Dow, 22J.

Auditor, Helen Best, 21J.

Historian, Lillian Haseman, '20J.

Secretary, Hazel Lange, '20J.

The officers of the Board of Control are: The President, Vice-President and Secretary of the Student Body.

The representatives from the classes are: Alison Falconer, Edna Watson and Hazel Lange, '20J; Grace Allan, Roberta Boldt, '21J; Lillian Seamas, Helen Astredo and Mildred Schubert, '22J; Grace Wuersching, Eleanor Wolf and Alma Steele, '22X; Alice Randolph and Evelyn Byrne, '23J.

Class presidents and vice-presidents, and all Student Body officers are also members of the Board but have no vote.

(Signed) HAZEL LANGE, Secretary of Student Body.



## Lick-Wilmerding Board of Control

THE first meeting of the Board of Control was called to order August 12, 1919, with President Mitchel presiding. An election was held and Kenneth Car, '20J, elected. Mr. Plumb read the treasurer's report on the Student Body finances. Another meeting was called to order September 11, 1919. Budgets for football, swimming, yell books and orchestra were approved. Managers for track and basketball were then nominated. Iverson was chosen manager of basketball and Fourtaine unanimously elected track manager. A plan for awarding honor medals to Christmas classes as well as those of June was discussed. At the next meeting a committee composed of Reynolds, Lichtenberg and DeFerrari was appointed to amend those clauses of the Constitution referring to awards as proposed. Money was voted out for swimming and football suits and yell books. It was decided that fellows winning more than one block might be awarded a star instead of another block, if they desired.

At the meeting of October 31st budgets for orchestra, "Life" and basketball were approved. The committee reported on the Honor Medal plan. A motion was made and carried to levy an assessment of ten cents per capita on the students for the Theodore Roosevelt Memorial Fund.





## Lux Seniors

**T**O LOOK back, four years seems but a short time but looking ahead they seem endless. When Freshmen we took the latter view but now we have reached our Senior year and, looking back, think what a short time it has been since we first mounted Lux steps and became the class of Nineteen Twenty.

As Seniors we have chosen our class officers very thoughtfully and successfully. Those elected are Anita Witt, president; Helen Winter, vice-president; Louise Bettin, secretary; Catherine Forrest, sergeant-at-arms; and Florence Hill, yell leader. The Board of Control members are Alison Falconer, Edna Watson and Hazel Lange.

Our basket-ball record is good and the girls are striving to keep it so. The team is composed chiefly of veterans from last year's school team and of second team girls. Catherine Forrest is class captain; the manager is Alison Falconer.

The Senior class at Lux has formed a club which meets in the English period. At present, the club is very busy with debates and a debating team has been chosen. Many Seniors are members of a drawing class recently formed to make 'cuts' for "Life", and have done good work.

The Senior stunt at the "Welcome Rally" was literally a "howling" success as shrieks of laughter greeted the "Fashion Show." In honor of Miss Stewart the class gave an afternoon tea on September the 24th. The living room was quaintly decorated following a Japanese scheme, and made a charming background for the girls clad in the Japanese costume. An interesting program was given, followed by an impromptu talk by Miss Stewart on her experiences in England, in which every girl's questions were answered and her curiosity concerning our English 'cousins' satisfied. The whole affair will long be remembered as one of the most successful functions of the Fall Semester.



## L. W. '20J's

**T**HE conclusion of this term marks the passing of one more mile post in our journey to graduation and another star added to our perfect class record. As Low Seniors the '20J class has undebatably proven itself worthy of the position which it is about to assume in school affairs. As High Seniors we will naturally inherit the leadership in all student activities. In such a role we ask the classes of the school for their most enthusiastic support in order to make L.-W. greater in spirit, a regular volcano of "jazz" and "pep".

As leaders we are about to show our worth; as supporters, we have established a name for ourselves that will long be remembered after our graduation. In spite of the many activities of this school we have strongly supported most and neglected none. Each member of our class has individually striven to make his own chosen activity the most popular in the school. Earnest effort and enthusiastic support are characteristics of the '20J class, and are without doubt the keys to the perpetual success of all our endeavors.

Athletics were never so popular as in the last six months. Our athletes, too numerous for individual mention, form the bulk of the teams which represent the school in competition. For instance, eight of the chosen fifteen players on the football team that has just concluded such a successful season were '20J classmen. Academic activities were supported fully as energetically as sports.

Our last term officers were in every way true to the class standards. They were, Anderson, president; Horstmeier, vice-president; Von Reischack, secretary; Eppinger, treasurer; Tait, sergeant-at-arms and De Ferrari our Student Body Representative.

## L. W. '20X's

**A**LTHOUGH the '20X class is the smallest in the school it certainly shows up well in all student activities. This term, as in all previous ones, the '20X's have taken a notable part in all the athletic and club activities.

Lichtenberg, Collins, Crowley, Schneider and Jacobson were our representatives on the football team. As a reward for his good playing, Beale was elected captain of the "Tigers Baseball Team".

Maas and Wood are aspirants for the 120 pound basketball team and have a good chance of making it.

About half of the class has joined the Camera Club of which Soiland was elected vice-president and McClinton treasurer. Others are making progress in debating. For this term, the following were elected: President, Collins; vice-president, Kelleher; secretary, Eichel; treasurer, Jacobson. Board of Control, Lichtenberg, sergeant at arms, Crowley.

This class has been coming to the front with great rapidity and in a short time the '20X class will have more men in every school activity than most of the larger classes.



## Lux Juniors

**T**HE Junior girls organized their class at the beginning of this semester with Helen Burkhardt as president, Louise Valci as vice-president, Rose Brown secretary, and Thelma Borina yell leader. This year will be one of the most important and eventful in the history of the '21 class and we feel that, in electing Helen Burkhardt as our president, we have chosen the girl who is most capable of managing the affairs of a Junior class and bring them to a successful close.

The class has been supporting all school activities. The girls have shown their usual keen interest in basketball and have been well represented at the various practices. Several practice games have been played on the Lux roof and, although the Junior team was defeated, by the Seniors in their game, we feel certain that the players will make a splendid showing in the inter-class. The basketball captain for this year is Lenore Morris and Thelma Borina holds the office of manager.

Since our first year at Lux, we have been very much interested in debating and it has always been the ambition of the class to have one of its members on the school team. This year Rose Brown was chosen to represent Lux on the Debating Team and we are very proud of her record.

On October 13th the Junior class gave the Freshmen a picnic. Although the plans caused a great deal of enthusiasm in both classes, they went wrong at the last minute and the picnic was not as successful as it should have been. The '21 class is sincerely sorry that the Freshmen were not entertained as was intended but plans for a reception in their honor are well under way and this time the Juniors will prove that they really do "know how."



## L. W. '21J's

**I**N this, our low Junior year, we have been successful in both athletic and academic student activities. We were represented on the football team by Captain Johnson, Lawrence and Quinn. Johnson, chosen captain of L.-W. football team while a junior, received a conspicuous honor conferred on few fellows. In track inter-class we did not come up to expectations, although we were represented by such speedy men as Kenny, Whitman and Quinn. To the basket-ball teams we contributed Imhof, Aghem, George, Black, Harley, Castiner, Dyson and Maggio.



The first important business of our junior year was the selection of our class pin. We have decided on a design that promises to be a good pin and a credit to the school. The Junior-Freshman picnic was not as successful as it should have been and we wish to offer our sincere regrets to the '23 class for the unfavorable accident which occurred at the last minute, upsetting our well-laid plans.

Our officers for this semester were: Johnson, president; Lehrke, vice-president; Whitman, secretary; Hornlein, treasurer; Cavanaugh, Board of Control representative; Jacobsen, sergeant-at-arms; and Taylor, yell leader.



## L. W. '21X's

THE Sophomore class of '21X has completed a most successful year. The fellows have awakened into an attitude of great "school spirit" that is making the '21X class one of the peppiest in the school.

A large majority of the class was out for all the sports and while only a few made the teams they were all full of the old Tiger Spirit.

In football, Coburn, Cerkle and Portrude are first team substitutes while Barrett succeeded in making the second team.

Basketball has not had a very good season but next year we hope to have some good men in the weight teams.

Englebret, Lasky and Luthi were our representatives in the inter-class track meet and showed up comparatively well.

The officers for this term are: President, Hazelett; Vice-President, Ahern; Secretary, Hargrove; Treasurer, Thornberg; Board of Control member, Gilmore.



## Lux Sophomores

JUNE class of 1922 has started out well in its Sophomore year at Lux. At the beginning of the Fall Term the following officers took their positions: Ruth Boyd in the chair; Viola Kennedy takes the minutes of the meetings; Margaret Rice keeps the naughty girls in order; and, Laura Peckham, yell extractor. The president, with the loyal support of the other class officers has proved that she is capable of managing the class business. The representatives sent to the Board of Control are Mildred Schubert, Lillian Seamas and Helen Astredo.

The class is well represented in various student activities. The girls have shown a great deal of enthusiasm in basket-ball. Constance Williams was elected captain of the class team and Ellen Knoles was chosen manager. The team has fought hard all season and will probably lead in the sport next year. A number of girls are members of the Lux orchestra and under the direction of Miss Roumiguere are progressing rapidly. They plan to present a program at the Christmas Rally and are practicing regularly. The swimming club has many enthusiastic Sophomore members and they may in time put out a good class team if a swimming interclass is organized. The Sophomore debating team, which last year, as Freshmen, did such splendid work, worked hard this term and the Debating Society is already looking their way for material for the 1920 season.



## L. W. 22J's

OUR Low Sophomore year has been one of great success. After a rather indifferent Freshman year we started out to do things in our second term at school. How we have succeeded everyone knows. Not only were we prominent in athletics, but supported other student activities as well. Stelling, of our class, was appointed manager



of the Cafeteria, and his assistants were mainly '22J fellows. We naturally feel that much of the success of the Cafeteria is due to the '22 class. In the orchestra we were represented by Mills, Riese and Samuels. Our work in athletics has been of the highest calibre. We turned out and won the track inter-class by a safe margin, and were well represented on the basket-ball and swimming teams. On the latter team the work of Mills and Moran deserves special commendation, the former receiving his Block L-W.

We were ably directed through our low soph' year by the following officers: Mills, President; Moran, vice-president; Bouquet, secretary; Hebgen, treasurer; Stelling, Board of Control representative; Growing, sergeant-at-arms, and McCabe, yell leader.



## Lux 22X's

THE '22X class held a meeting the first week of school and the following girls were elected: Bessie Jeong, president; Ethel Bermingham, vice-president; May Wong, secretary-treasurer; Claudia Ewing, sergeant-at-arms; and Genevieve Griffith, song-leader. The class has held several succeeding meetings, and much business has been transacted. A class picnic is planned for the near future.

The class is the first in the history of Lux to enter in January. It caused quite a riot in the Board of Control meetings last term, as amendments had to be made in many clauses. The '22J class will be the first in which the student-body president will hold office for only six months. This provision allows the members of the '22X class to have their turn as student-body officers.

The school wishes so distinguished a class all the success in the world and congratulates them on the splendid spirit they have shown.



## L. W. 22X's

THE first semester of the '22X class was spent largely in getting started and getting used to the new conditions. Consequently by the second semester, the Freshmen understood what the "Tiger" spirit meant and how the "Tiger" spirit was kept alive.

Knowing what was expected of them, the Freshmen entered with full swing into student activities. Indeed, the athletic work of '22X was in every manner fulfilled. In the track inter-class the Freshmen came out on top, due largely to the speed of Steinberg, Meyer, McMahon, Brown and others.

The '22X class was ably piloted through this term by Murray as president aided by Nieland, vice-president; Berg, secretary; Herndon, Board of Control; Isaacs, treasurer; Steinberg, sergeant-at-arms.

After such a successful term the Freshmen are looking forward to a peppy and prosperous new year.



## Lux Freshmen

THE '23J class has only been in Lux a short time but they have gained the Lux Spirit already and are very happy in it. They are very enthusiastic about the school and when given an opportunity they will distinguish themselves and Lux will be very proud of them.

The temporary class officers appointed by the faculty are: Ina Banta, '20, president; Edna Estes, '21, vice-president; Thais Kirkpatrick, '22, secretary. The class meet-

ings and class affairs have been managed very successfully by these girls. Very soon the Freshmen will be able to elect their own officers and conduct their own class meetings. Those appointed to represent the class on the Board of Control are Evelyn Byrne and Alice Randolph. The Freshmen have responded willingly and quickly to the call to join one or more of the sports and clubs that the school offers.

Several girls are supporting basketball and seven of the best players have been chosen for the class team. All of the girls are very active and with practice will prove in time they are star players. They are making use of the tennis courts by playing in the morning, noon and after school. These girls will make tennis a more prominent game in the future. The Freshmen are also supporting the Camera Club, the Glee Club, the Orchestra and have organized a Dramatic Club under the supervision of Mrs. Mills.

The girls of the '23J class wish to extend to the Junior Class their appreciation and hearty thanks for the picnic given in their honor. The splendid time given to them on that memorable day and place will never be forgotten by any '23J girl.



## L. W. Freshmen

**W**E, the '23J class have come to the end of a very successful first Semester in school. We were initiated into the ways of the school by the following upper classmen acting as officers: R. Carlson, '20J president; Lehrke, '21J vice president; Roberts, '22J, secretary and treasurer. Out of the class, Richardson was elected sergeant-at-arms and Cobie, yell leader. To these fellows we extend our everlasting thanks for the unselfish work that they did in piloting the class through its low Freshman year. We have taken part in many school activities and were always represented at the rallies. In athletics we have done unusually well for a Freshman Class. We placed second in the track inter-class and made a good showing in swimming. Our high standing in track was due principally to the good work of Bertocchi and Mallon. In swimming we were represented by Smith and Levitt. One of the most important student events of this semester was the Junior-Freshman picnic, at which we were shown the time of our lives by the Juniors. We take this opportunity to extend to the '21J class our sincere thanks for the good time given us at Pinehurst.



## The Students' Exchange

**T**HE Student's Exchange, now located in a corner of the Cafeteria, has done a thriving business this semester, selling a variety of articles put on sale by the school and the second-hand books and tools brought in by the students. The purpose of the Exchange is to dispose of used books for the students and, as the profits go to the Student Body Treasury, more should take advantage of this arrangement. The "Hock Shop," since the adoption of a new system of files, has had no very great difficulty in returning every cent to its subscribers as soon as the goods are sold. This was not so at first and the inefficient old system did a lot to discredit the work of the Exchange; the difficulty has now been overcome and every student is sure to receive fair returns on his used books and tools.

Those appointed to take care of the Exchange are: M. Berman, N. Cook, J. Heymes, and R. Thompson. Thompson and Cook took charge of selling the overalls which were bought from the government. These overalls proved popular sellers and were sold at \$1.50 per pair. Heymes and Berman attended to the sale of books and tools. Over \$200 was turned in from the sale of the overalls and about \$225 was collected for books and tools.

Just one suggestion, fellows—bring in your books and tools at the close of each

semester. The real business of the year is carried on at the beginning of the term and almost all books are sold at this time. So, if you co-operate with the Exchange in assembling the stock, the work of those in charge will be lighter and you will stand a better chance of receiving a prompt return on your goods. Step in line, fellows, and make this Exchange a booming success for the school and for yourselves!



## Glee Club

THE Glee Club has received splendid support from the students this term. At the election held recently Anna Springer was chosen president, and Edna Watson secretary. Under the capable management of these officers and the earnest and faithful direction of Miss Tucker, of Lux, the club has been making steady progress.

The club made its first appearance before the Student-Body this term at a mid-semester rally. A very enjoyable program was presented and spoke well for the conscientious effort of the members. Plans are being made and rehearsals are in progress for a program to be given at the Fireside Gathering.

Miss Tucker deserves a great deal of credit for the success of the club. Such splendid results could only have been obtained by expert direction and training, and by the enthusiastic support of the members of the club.



## L. W. L. Debating Society

DEBATING, as usual, has been kept active by a small group of students. They have accomplished enough work to make up for those who should have come out for this activity. The Lick-Wilmerding-Lux Debating Society was among the first to enter the Debating League of San Francisco. This parent organization took over the duties formerly held by the University of California Extension Bureau and arranged the interscholastic debates.

We sent our two teams out against our opponents, Mission. One team had the affirmative, and the other the negative of: Resolved: that a Compulsory Health Insurance Bill be adopted by the Federal Government. Tryouts were held, and some twelve contestants spoke. A few of our best speakers, from '19X, were held out on account of the Senior Farce, and work on the debates was disastrously delayed by objection of certain faculty members to the team selected. Finally the teams got to work, and under the invaluable and indefatigable supervision of Miss Margery Glass, both prepared remarkably fine debates.

On October 29, they met Mission; Joshua Eppinger and "Fanny" Wank upheld the affirmative at Lux and Rose Brown and Henry Lehrke the negative at Mission. Both teams lost with two decisions to one. The decision at Lux was declared ridiculous by all who were there. That at Mission was very close, our team losing by 1 1-2 points.

The regular inter-class debates have not been started but several intersection debates have been held, and they will lead up to the inter-class.

The officers of the L. W. L. D. S. are Gerald Drew, president; Rose Brown, vice-president; Florence Hill, secretary; Joshua Eppinger, treasurer. Miss Glass, who has charge of debating, is to be commended for her exceptionally enthusiastic interest in her work.



## Camera Club

THE Lick-Wilmerding Camera Club, during the past six months, became more up-to-date than it has ever been before. This is because of the unremitting work of the members under the leadership of Miss Boulware and President Paulsen, for the improvement of the Club's dark-rooms and equipment. The other officers, Soiland, vice-president; Merrill, secretary, and McClinton, treasurer, have all co-operated with the president for a new and better Club. And surely, Sergeant-at-Arms McCredy deserves honorable mention for his work on "patrol duty."

During the first quarter the dark-rooms were brought up to standard by the addition of new equipment. The enlarging camera was re-fitted and is now in good condition. Miss Boulware has offered to help those members who do not understand its manipulation, in making their enlargements.

Early in the second quarter Mr. Rae, of the California Camera Club, delivered an interesting lecture to the Camera Club members. It is proposed to have lectures by experts once a month for the benefit of the Club. Meanwhile Miss Boulware will be giving lectures on the photo exhibits brought to the school for criticism, every week. The program is of educational value to the members of this progressive, wide-awake Club. The organization is at its best this year and it is hoped that January will bring many new members. The membership is not limited at present and any student may join at any time.



## Lux Camera Club

The Camera Club reorganized September 24th and at that meeting the following officers were elected: Helen Astredo, president; L. Peckham, vice-president; Viola Kennedy, secretary; and E. Wilfert, sergeant-at-arms. October third another important meeting was held for the purpose of discussing hike plans. It was decided that a hike to Lake Merced would take place October 18th.

On that Saturday morning Miss Otto and Miss Webster were greeted by nine girls only. Other girls had signed up but failed to appear. The few girls present had lots of fun snapping pictures at and about the lake and later in the day they hiked to the beach. The results of the hike were exhibited in the lower corridor at Lux. Two of the pictures taken made splendid enlargements and all were noticeably clear and well composed for 'snaps.' It is proposed that copies of the pictures be kept and used to illustrate the record of the club.

It really seems a pity that more girls do not belong to the Camera Club. There are only twenty-four members at present and the club needs many more. For the past two or three years it has been a dead feature in the line of school activities. It is always pulled together at the beginning of each term and the officers make strenuous efforts to hold the interest of the members, but it's impossible for four girls to accomplish this without any support, and the membership regularly declines so that at the end of the term the officers are the only visible signs of the club.

Girls, we must have more support from you. The officers can't do everything alone. The club has good, snappy officers this year who are planning many jolly hikes and interesting times for the members. The Camera Club should be one of the most prominent school organizations. Get behind these officers, girls, and help make the club an *active* activity.



## Orchestra

IF THE coming Senior classes have as good an orchestra for their Senior Farces as '19X had, they will be very fortunate. With the exception of the Senior Farce, little was heard from the orchestra. Most of us didn't know we had any such thing, nevertheless, "long-haired" Charlie Knipe, the leader, tells me they have practiced nearly every Monday and Thursday in the Lux Living Room. Twelve of the music makers are from L. W. and three from dear Lux.

The orchestra started practice rather late in the term, but as practice on selections for the Farce were started so early they had no time to work up jazz for the rally. I'm glad they didn't because I heard the "Light Cavalry" Overture commended as one of the best Overtures played by any High School Orchestra. As to the personnel, "long-hair" Knipe is leader; Milton Loeserman takes turns with Helen Mathis at the piano; Hugo Romander, Ruth Boyd, Olive Barnum, and Samuels play first violin; "Red" Boyd, Cechinti, and Gladys Avon play second violin; Gerald Drew, 'cello; Ed Carney, Ries and Acton O'Donald, cornet; Lawrence Emery, drums, and Walter Mills, bells; Meyerson, clarinet, Arthur Loeserman, formerly of the '20X class, helps out by coming just for orchestra, Esther Golab, former '20J, played 'cello for the Farce, and Ed Carney takes a turn at the saxophone when necessary.

Another useful organization is the Jazz Band. This has great difficulty in practicing, as its members have all their noon periods occupied. Nevertheless, it has declared jazz, which it played at several of our dances. Glen Taylor was leader, organizer and pianist; Ed Carney jazzes the saxophone, Bill Barrett plays the violin, Gerald Drew the 'cello, and Lawrence Emery the drums.



## Lick-Wilmerding Cafeteria

IN ITS second year of business the Lick-Wilmerding cafeteria has made wonderful strides under the able management of the committee in charge. Through the efforts of the cafeteria committee Lick-Wilmerding students have a much larger variety of "good eats" to choose from than ever before. Some of these are: hot roast beef and mashed potatoes, chops, different varieties of salads and jello in different flavors with whipped cream.

In the cafeteria's first year of business all foods were bought from retail dealers at retail prices but now all our goods are bought wholesale. This change helps every L.-W. student as all the profits from the cafeteria are turned over to the Student Body Fund.

The cafeteria is by far the most satisfactory place the fellows ever had in which to eat and to assure its further success, it should be patronized loyally by every student. The fellows who manage the cafeteria are: M. Stelling, manager; Dewar Roberts, assistant manager; W. Simi, secretary; A. Allan, Scalamanimi, Koch, Jacobs and Murray.



## Shop Notes

MACHINE shop seems deserted without the old steam engine, for more than one reason. "Scrubs" this year are missing the annual shower baths given to beginners when they enter the machine shop.

There are a number of apprentices in Mr. Sunkel's shop this term. Pratt, Mr. Sunkel's chief assistant, has been very busy the last few weeks in seeing that the "scrubs"

and "sophs" were doing their work right, and not damaging the lathes and tools by their ignorance. We expect to see him have full charge of the shop by Christmas.

Hahir is working on odd jobs and on parts of a new steam hoist.

The class of 21X is still chipping its blocks while the fellows of 21J are starting exercises on the lathes. The United States vocational board has placed a few wounded soldiers in this shop to learn the machine trade. They are J. Zamaroni, M. Sarra, J. Rolle, and A. Cassinanti. They are working on parts of the steam hoist. Plans are being made for the placing of the machine shop in the new Wilmerding building.

### Auto Shop

The master mechanics of the auto shop are accomplishing something at the present time. The work accomplished this term includes the completion of Mr. Herbert's tractor and the old American engine which is to be used as a water pump, and a number of repair jobs on various machines.

The Juniors and Sophomores who are starting their apprentices are intelligently learning the mechanical organs of every machine.

The Freshmen are working on their exercises and Mr. Herbert claims many likely prospects among them.

The Senior apprentices are "Smokestack" Schmulian, "Itchey" Kahn and Percy Carlsson. Their fame as auto wreckers is unequalled and needs no explanation.

Mr. Herbert's tractor has been completed and pronounced a huge success, and he wishes at this time to extend his sincere appreciation to the workers in all the shops of the school.

### Electric Shop

More fellows are taking apprentice courses in Mr. Jones' electric shop than in any other shop. E. Jacobsen is learning how to do general wiring. Lampard is doing some motor winding. Weber spends most of his time on wireless parts. Allen is going to be an auto-electrician but at present he has no auto to practice on. Cavanaugh is overhauling some motors. Keilbar is a switchboard man.

### Plumbing

There are a large number of Freshmen in Mr. Wood's shop this year. Most of them are working on soldering exercises, while some are tinning fire doors. Some new showers are being installed in the new Wilmerding building with hot water service. J. Smith, an ex-soldier, is taking an apprentice course in plumbing.

### Pattern Shop

Bergstrom is Mr. McLaren's only apprentice this term. He has been busy superintending the movement of machinery from the old shop in the Lick Annex to the new shop in the Wilmerding building. The 22X class deserves a great deal of credit for the way in which they helped move the machinery to the new shop. The shop started in full swing on December 2.

### Cabinet Shop

Mr. Maybeck's only apprentice this term is Tuttich. Not many seem to want to be cabinet makers any more, but Tuttich is there to see that some one does take it. There are a few "scrubs" and "sophs" learning the trade, or rather the preliminaries of it. They are working on lathe exercises and making legs for tables.

## Chemistry

The Senior apprentices under the untiring direction of "Sydney A." have at last caught up to the schedule time, having been put behind by the short fall term of last year.

Actual industrial work began this September and the apprentices have gone right through a detailed analysis of limestone, Portland cement, soils and fertilizers in record time. The Senior apprentices spent a day in one of the Portland cement mills in West Berkeley. Among those who are studying the fundamental principles are "Babe" Scovel, "Loud" Young, "Trotsky" Berman, "Handsome" Horstmeyer and "Sleepy" Heymes.

The Juniors are making rapid strides in the qualitative work, and will very soon be working on quantitative determinations.

## Mechanical Drawing

The mechanical drawing department has undergone a noticeable change. Mr. Heymann and Mr. Graham have consolidated, Mr. Heymann taking charge of the Senior apprentices while Mr. Graham has taken charge of the Sophomore and Junior apprentices.

"Red" Rodgers and "Shrimp" Giesker are completing the details of a centrifugal pump. "Kid" Heitman has finished drawing and tracing a steam valve. "Alameda Sedgley, when not extracting S. F. A. L. dues or explaining why or how we lost the football game, is drawing Mr. Herbert's air cleanser. "Mud Swamp" Schulte is also "pushing the pen" in a design of a gas engine. Jones is building a steam engine on paper, while "Bus" Tait is proving why a gas engine should work.

Mr. Graham has a very large apprentice class this term. Most of the fellows are 20J fellows and expect to become famous architects and engineers some day. Among them is Blair Dyson, who is making plans for structural steel joints. Carr is an architectural apprentice, and is drawing up details of a post office. Rosberg is busy on steel joints and is fast becoming a civil engineer. Florence Hill is working on some architectural drawings. Johnson and Aghem are working on different types of bearings. Couchot is drawing up structural steel joints. Von Rieschack is doing some work on architecture and Beale is working on pipe joints. Anderson is drawing up a special type of valve. Mr. Heymann's and Mr. Graham's classes are now combined in the Lick building.



## L. W. L. Alumni

TWEE-E-E-T

SEVERAL moons have elapsed since the readers of these notes—or call them whatever else you wish—have been enlightened as to the whereabouts and whatabouts of the multitudinous members of the L. W. L. Alumni Association.

Being as this is our last chance to make ourselves heard in the teens of the present century, we, who pen these lines, feel inclined to chirp one final chirp before the "year is done" in behalf of the aforementioned multitudinous members of the L. W. L. Alumni Association.

"Artie" Wynne '10, the man who is responsible for two S. F. A. L. football championships, until recently Professor of Mathematics and Coach of Athletics at Lick, is now in the far away Philippines acting as an athletic instructor.

Of the members of the Fourteen Class, Mangelsdorff is working in the Equipment Department of the Western Union Telegraph Co., while Enid Burns is still Recorder at Lick. We have two benedicts in L. Barron and Swartzenbeck. "Swartzie" married Miss Marcus, who was a teacher at Lick. Gus Swanstrom is at Dunham, Carrigan & Hayden after having seen active service in France with the Ninety-first Division.

The Union Iron Works boasts of two '15 men in McLaughlin and "Swede" Feld-



camp. They are both in the drafting department of that company. "Dynamite" Anderson is connected with some automobile company in Southern California. Bob Donohue is an assistant to Postmaster General Burleson. He is employed at the San Francisco postoffice, while "Yank" Hall is at Stanford.

We have only heard from a few members of the Sixteen Class. Of these "Doc" Anderson is a chemist in South San Francisco. Ira Jacobs is drafting in Oakland, while LeGalle and P. Kohlmoos are with the Goodyear Rubber Co. Sid de Guerre is at Stanford and McDonald is at Annapolis. We see McCartney in the elevator at the Bankers' Investment Building quite often. He gets off at the second floor and we surmise that he works in one of the offices.

At Stanford, the Seventeen Class has Giannini, Gerard and Meyer, while at California it has "Swede" Hansen, Helen Gardiner, Emelie Hansen and Katherine Renner. Now that the country has gone dry, Bill Mutch is manufacturing "near beer." We haven't been told how "near," but we concede him quite a distance. Goldstone and Maynard are at the Shell Oil Co. Maynard is a married man. The other married man of the class is Holberton, who married Margaret Stevenson '16 and then settled down on a farm. Mildred Adams is also married and she is the mother of a baby girl. Minnie Steffin and Barbara Ambler are nurses; Gladys Purcell is a steno with the Merrill Co., Julia Man is in the Premium Department of the United Cigar Stores, Hilda Herring is teaching, and Bernice Wall is with the Tillman-Bendel Co.

Albers and Newmark are drafting for the Associated Oil Co., and Geo. Nelson is drafting for the S. P., while Geering and Bepler are also doing drafting. Harry Clervi is working for his father and Harold Havre is also. Havre is about to leave on an extended business trip to Europe. Lahusen is working in a paper mill at Truckee, Ray Page is located at Chico, and Mark Landrum is ranching in Northern California.

Those who are pursuing further knowledge in the higher institutions of learning outside the State of California are Bob Lamoree, who is taking a course in Economics at the University of Utah; Louis Imhoff, who is at West Point, and Gerald Stacy, who is at Annapolis.

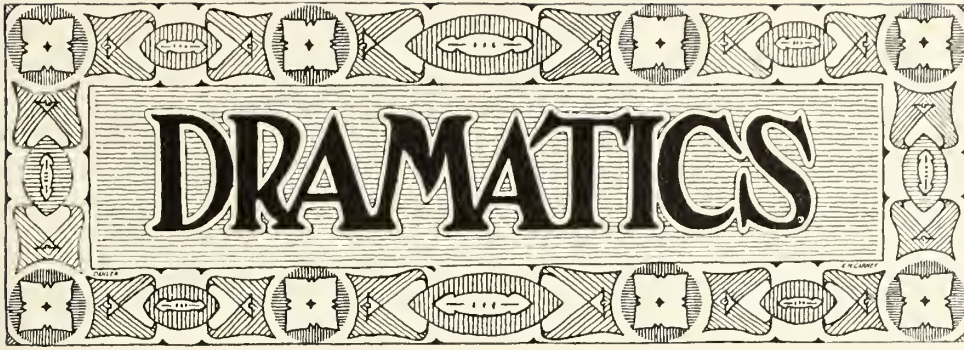
Fred Schmidt is at the Union Iron Works, Bert Harrington is an inspector with the Western Union Telegraph Co., and Bob Devereux is an "insurance broker," while Ted Maas is working in the General Office of the Judson Iron Works with his brother, Carlos.

At California, '18 has Harry Holz, Gerald Nauman, Grant Merrill and Frances Black, while at Stanford it has Marie Merrill and Avery Robertson. Our ex-leading lady--Tessie Reilly—is a private secretary with the Friedman Furniture Co., Stella Galli (also our ex-leading lady) is a librarian at the Main Public Library, while Elsie McKenna is with an automobile company on Van Ness avenue. The Garats—J. Garat and C. Garat—are ranchers in Nevada. "Hossie" Rolph is with the Hind-Rolph Co., and Leonard McElroy is a reporter with the Underwriters Fire Insurance Co. Ed Kessler is our Alumni President and a striking machinist; "Red" Shaler is a chemist, and "Ad" Hoenig is drafting for the Hawkins Manufacturing Co. in far away China. He is indeed "enjoying" himself in the Orient. We say he is "enjoying" himself, because in his last letter he sighed, "I wonder who's kissing her now!" Duckel is employed at the P. G. & E. Co. and is at present running one of the company's big motor trucks. Tommie Ravn is drafting for the Shell Oil Co., while "Red" Carney and "Jack" Sagues are drafting for the Western Union Telegraph Co.

Of the members of the Nineteen Class, Eva Cuneo, Greenberg, and Ehrer are at U. C., and Lynn, Forster, and Reich are at Stanford. Tosi is working for his father. He also coached the Lick-Wilmerding Tigers the past season in a wonderful manner.

Miss Ruth Gabriel, on leave of absence for one year while taking a course in an art school in New York, asks in her letters to be remembered to all her L. W. L. friends.





## The Amazons

JUST as the Xmas class of 1919 was the first Christmas class to give a Junior Play and to have its own members in the offices of editor and manager of the "Life," so has it been the first Christmas class to give a Senior Play. And the '19X Senior Farce may be classed among the best of Lick-Wilmerding's plays for it was a *real* farce; the house rocked with laughter from almost the beginning to the very end of the play. It was a financial as well as a dramatic success, for the fellows and girls knowing that whatever '19X does, it does it well, mobbed the ticket-sellers and on the evening of October twenty-fourth filled the Knights of Columbus Hall to the "brim." And we are positive that they all considered it well worth their time and money to have been present.

About six weeks before October twenty-fourth, it was decided on the recommendation of Miss Strachan that "The Amazons," by Arthur W. Pinero, was the best play for the Seniors to give, considering that the class was "girl-less;" the cast was accordingly picked. The very best had to be made of the short while that remained, for four or five weeks is not much time for fellows to learn to be graceful, dignified, good-looking young ladies. So the cast went right at it and with Miss Strachan they worked hard and long rehearsing the play. But it was not all hard work; the amount of enjoyment the audience received from the play on the night it was presented does in no way compare with the fun had by the cast at the rehearsals. The Seniors will never forget it.

"The Amazons" is a merry and fantastic three-act play, containing many comical situations, the setting of which is laid in Overcote, near the town of Scrumleigh in England. The events occur during a single fine day in September. The scene is first laid in "The Tangle," an overgrown corner of Overcote Park, and later in the gymnasium of Overcote Hall. The plot centers about the three daughters of Lady Castlejordan, namely, the Ladies Noline, Thomasin and Wilhelmina. Lady Castlejordan and her late husband had always wished for a son to whom the title of Lord Castlejordan might fall. But Providence had not seen fit to send them a son and they had tried to make the best of it by raising their three daughters like boys. In default of their having a "real" son, the title has gone to Lord Castlejordan's brother, who has a son, the exact type of a young fellow that Lady Castlejordan has wished for. As a consequence, there is a great deal of enmity between these two branches of the family.

Lady Noline has just returned from a visit to London and tells her "brothers" about an adventure she has had. She had paraded the streets of London as a man, had gotten into a street fight, had fainted and had been carried by a "nice" young fellow to his lodgings and revived. Upon recovering, she had dashed from his home and had returned to Overcote only to discover that in the excitement she has lost the family ring. She is downhearted and the news that her "brothers" have received



# CAST OF THE "AMAZONS"

From left to right—D. V. Strandberg, A. Gaenicke, W. Knorp, M. Loeserman, L. Kahn, L. Larsen, J. Stone  
M. Berman, the minister, G. Kruger, F. Lahaye, E. Rosberg and A. Loeserman.



proposals of marriage from two gentlemen, Lord Tweenwayes, a member of the famous Fitzbray family, and André de Grival, a Frenchman, increases her sadness. These two gents sneak into the park to see Thomasin and Wilhelmina and meet with Lord Litterly, Lady Castlejordan's nephew. It turns out that Lord Litterly is the young chap who was of such great service to Noeline in London and that he has followed her here. While talking, they are surprised by voices and they hide themselves in the "underwood." Sergeant Shuter, the girls' instructor in gymnastics, tells her charges that Lady Castlejordan is going to London. The gentlemen overhear this conversation and they see their opportunity to be with the girls undisturbed. The fellows are so intent with their own love affairs that they quite forget friendship between themselves. Tweenwayes and de Grival snub Lord Litterly and have a hard time even to remain on friendly terms with each other.

Then Noeline and Lord Litterly accidentally meet. She recognizes him at once as the young man who rescued her in London and he, too, knows that she is the young "fellow" that he picked up. She is further surprised and quite indignant to find out that he is her detested cousin. He tells her the story of the young "fellow" whom he revived and teasingly remarks about the striking resemblance between her and the "chap," which, he says, has caused him to follow her here. He further explains that he has done this in order to give her brother some advice through her and also return a ring which the fellow had lost in his room. Her indignation melts somewhat because of his pleasing manner until he tells her how the young "fellow," still in a daze, kissed him. At this, Noeline turns around and gives him a most "unladylike" slap across the cheek.

Meanwhile, Tweenwayes and de Grival are progressing wonderfully well and during the afternoon tea, at which Noeline and Litterly are also present, Thomasin writes a little note to de Grival asking him and Tweenwayes to have a chat and smoke and probably a drink with Wilhelmina and herself in their old schoolroom the coming evening. The purpose of the talk is to draw up a plan to get Litterly, whom the four of them dislike, out of the park.

The third act opens with Tweenwayes and de Grival groping around in the dark in the gymnasium. De Grival has lost the note and they do not know whether they are in the right place or not. Litterly soon arrives on the scene and informs them that they are in the gymnasium instead of the schoolroom. He had found the note. They are then interrupted by the sound of voices and quickly enter a closet. Shuter and the three girls come in. While the girls are exercising, Shuter accidentally discovers the three fellows but it turns out all right for Litterly and Shuter have known each other since childhood. Shuter gets some wine and they are having a fine time—even Noeline and Litterly.

While they are dancing, Lady Castlejordan and Rev. Minchin enter. Everybody is surprised. Lady Castlejordan, in a voice filled with anger and disgust, orders her "boys" to get into their gowns. Reverend Minchin then advises her to calm herself, to forget that she has ever attempted to raise her girls as boys and to be on good terms with the girls' pals. The three girls then appear in evening gowns and Lady Castlejordan asks the gentlemen to stay to dinner. And so the curtain goes down with four happy couples leaving for dinner.

Louis Larsen, John Stone and Lloyd Kahn handled the parts of the three sisters. Noeline, Thomasin and Wilhelmina with much skill. But for their immense feet and hands, their distinctly unfeminine steps, their voices and a few other details, one would never have known that they were impersonators. In a way, you can't blame Litterly, Tweenwayes and de Grival for hanging around Overcote Park.

Will Knorp, George Kruger and Milton Loeserman as Lord Litterly, André de Grival and Lord Tweenwayes, respectively, all proved their natural courage by the

manner in which they carried on their love scenes with the three "Amazons." And they must have wonderful imaginations, too. George Kruger made a wonderful Frenchman, while Will Knorp and Milton Loeserman played to perfection the parts of two very different types of Englishmen.

Donald Strandberg, in the role of Lady Castlejordan, was as much "at home" as he'll ever be. He made a wonderful mother.

Morris Berman was so successful as Rev. Minchin that he is seriously contemplating dropping chemistry and taking an apprenticeship course in theology instead.

Albert Gaenicke as Sergeant Shuter was about as militaristic looking a woman as one would ever wish to see.

Edward Rosberg and Frank La Haye played the parts of Fitton, the gamekeeper, and Orts, the poacher, so well that we can't help suggesting these professions as vocations which they ought to follow.

The violin solo by Arthur Loeserman was something new and lent an artistic touch to the tea scene.

All of the credit for the success of the play belongs to Miss Agnes Strachan and we, the Seniors, wish to take this opportunity to express our appreciation and gratitude for the untiring effort and time which she gave to the play. We also wish to thank Mrs. Strachan for her inestimable services as "rouger," Mlle E. Burns et Cie, the famous French modistes, for the wonderful gowns they furnished; the orchestra for its splendid music; those who attended the play and all others who helped to make this farce, the '19X farce, a success.



## L. W. L. Dramatic Club

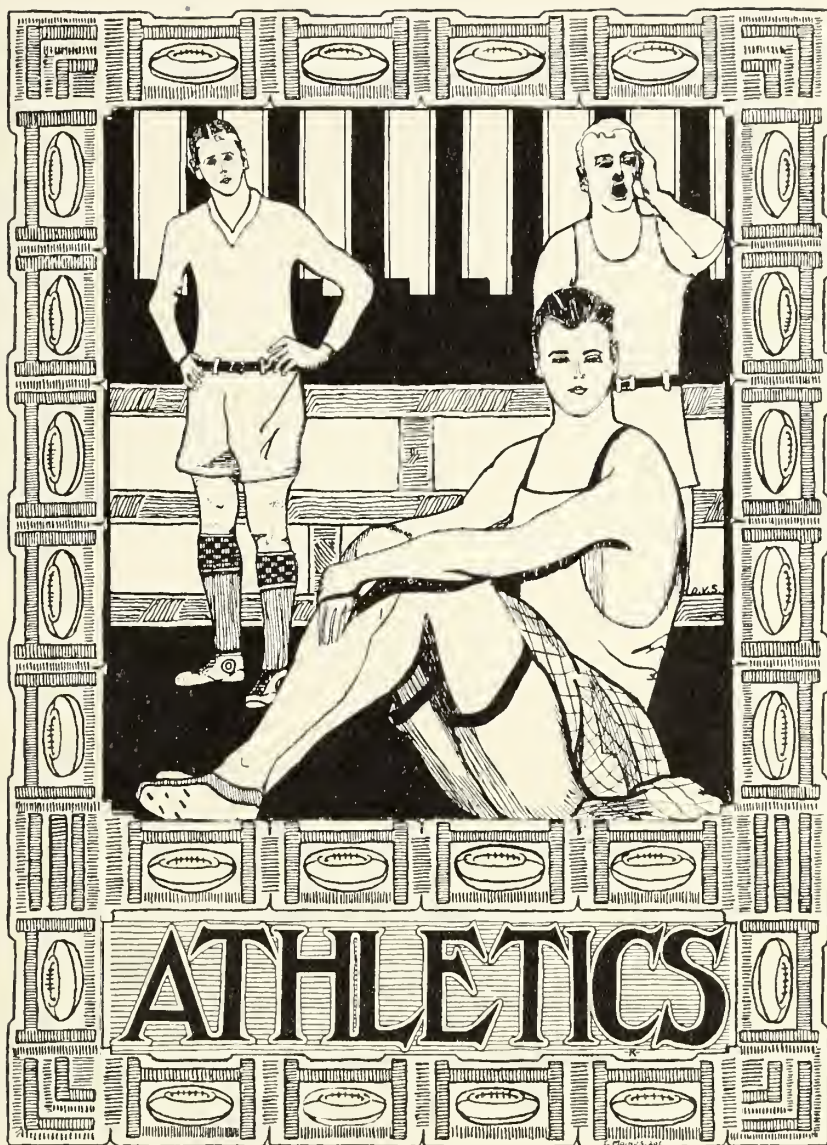
**S**ELDOM seen or heard of, the L. W. L. Dramatic Club has grown to be one of the major organizations of the schools. Since its inception, over a year ago, it has suffered several changes of policy and also of faculty coach. Now, with the help and advice of Miss Tucker, it has determined on a plan that will serve for coming members. Once every several weeks a one-act play is given at the regular meeting; this is followed by a dance if the faculty permits. The Dramatic Club also endeavors to obtain rates for the club members to various plays that would help in the work of the club, or in class work.

On the evening of October 30, over forty members of the club went in a body to see "Hamlet", presented by the "Little Players' Club". The play was much appreciated by the Seniors, who were then studying "Hamlet"

The club presented on Friday, November 7, a one-act play entitled, "Two Crooks and a Lady". Leonora Morris was "Tres Charmant" as the crooked maid. Gerald Drew alias Miller the Hawk assisted her nefarious operations, Claudine Bucholz played the crippled lady of the title, a most difficult character. Louise Valci and Gerald Pratt did good work as the ladies' companion and the police inspector.

Let us hope we see more plays from the Dramatic Club of the quality of "Two Crooks and a Lady". Miss Tucker is to be thanked for her work as coach for the club. The officers are Gerald Pratt, presiding officer, and Rose Brown, with Louis Larsen, the silent vice-presidents, while Gladys Buck takes the minutes with shorthand and collects the dues with her long hand.







## Junior Track Team

**T**HE Junior Track Team had a rather unsuccessful season due to the inability of several members to make weight in the S. F. A. L. meet, which was held October 4th at the Stadium.

The 100 pound class was represented by "Shorty" Imhof and Bertocchi. The 110 pound class had no entries because the fellows could not make weight. Mansi was Lick's best bet in the 110 pound class taking third place in the 300 yard dash. In the 130 pound class Lick was well represented by Sudden, Fournaine and Brann. Sudden was the outstanding star of the meet breaking two records, the 100 and 440 yard dashes (both the former records were held by Gallagher of Polly.)

Due to changing the date of the S. F. A. L. from the 19th to the 4th of October there was only one dual meet, that against Cogswell. This was a hotly contested meet and was won by Cogswell by the close score of 62-55.

The inter-class was held Tuesday, September 31st at Jackson Park and was won by the '22 class with the '21 class second. Fellows! let's show the old Lick spirit and back up Captain Eddie Sudden next spring and we are sure that Lick-Wilmerding will not be printed at 4th place as it was this year.



## Swimming

**F**OR some reason or other, Lowell seems to hang on to the title of the S. F. A. L. swimming championship for dear life. Several times our Fighting Tigers nearly spelled defeat for our rivals. So it was with the last Fall meet which took place on Saturday, October 4, 1919, in which Lowell won with fifty-two points and Lick-Wilmerding made forty-four. We placed a man in every event and he scored in all but two, showing that we turned out a well-balanced team.

"Frankie" La Haye took third place in the 50 yards, 130 pound class. In the 100 yards breast stroke "Phat" Mitchel took first place, making a new record of 1 min. 18 2-5 sec., clipping off 2 2-5 seconds from the former record of Julian of Lowell. "Cholly" Jacobs finished as a close second in the same race. "Dutch" Tait, not swimming up to his regular form this year, took second place in the 220 and 440. "Squeaky" Moran finished third in the 440. Captain Mitchel took first place in the 100 yard, clipping 1 2-5 seconds from his former record of 1 min. 2 4-5 seconds. Mills made fourth place in the 50 yard back-stroke. In the plunge for distance, our record-breaking, point-getting Mitchel, living up to his reputation as a "star of the sea," plunged 62 feet 1 inch breaking the previous record of O'Connor of Lowell, by one-half inch.

In fancy diving Mills and "Santell" de Ferrari outclassed all other competitors and dove into first and second places respectively. Our relay team composed of Captain Mitchell, "Jawn" Bermingham, "Benny" Dyson, Brann, Moran and "Dutch" Tait finished a close second with Lowell in the lead.







# Football

NOW that the football season has ended, we can look back upon the wonderful work that our Tiger team has accomplished. Our team did not win the S. F. A. L. Rugby championship; neither did we lose it for we tied the team that claimed the title but refused to meet our fighting fifteen in a return game and play off the tie.

The team was light and composed of only a few veterans but it did not take long to show the other schools that the Tigers made up their lack of weight and experience by speed and fight. The loss of last year's coach, "Artie" Wynne, was severely felt by every member of the squad. This seemed to make them all the more determined to practice and play as one fighting machine. However, Alex Tosi, who played on the last two championship teams produced by Lick, was secured as coach and he put the football men through the grind of practicing. The team was captained by "Johnnie" Johnson, who deserves all the credit and praise the Student Body can give for the manner in which he fought under the most trying moments, and led the team onward in a clean, sportsmanlike method, characteristic of the fighting "Tiger Spirit." "Olaf" Sedgely managed the team in a most business-like style and secured many valuable practice games.

In the first practice game, the team hooked up with Richmond and fought them to a 6-0 victory. The second game was with Oakland Hi, which also fell before our scrapping squad. Next they met Oakland Tech, and due to the heavier weight of that team, the Tigers came home on the small end of a 5-8 score. Following this, they met Fremont, which made them suffer defeat by a score of 17-14, but in the return game, which was played shortly after, the practicing Tigers gained revenge by beating them 11-0. This was the final game of the practice season and Lick was now ready for the S. F. A. L.

## Lick O, Lowell 3

The first league game of the season was played with Lowell which figured, cleaning us up very easily and getting us off her mind. However, Lowell met a fast, aggressive team and was skillfully outplayed, and only won by a miracle. The game opened with Lowell kicking off, putting the Tigers on the defense. Fast plays then took place, and with dribbling rushes and well-placed kicks, the Lowell goal was constantly threatened by our men, but they were unable to cross the line. Then both teams saw-sawed back and forth with Lick always on the edge. Our "backs" were unable to carry the ball in the attacks made upon the Lowell goal. The first half ended with no score.

The second half was very much faster and was Lick's game after we had worked the ball within the boundaries of their 25-yard line, and kept it there until close to the end of the half, but always unable to score. Finally by a free kick from the 30 yard line, Lowell's man dropped the ball over the bar and the game ended with a 3-0 score. Throughout this game Lick's well-balanced team showed that it was a squad to be feared by every one.

## Poly vs. Lick

Our game with Poly ended in a 3-3 score. Poly kicked off, and throughout the first half her huskies preferred the scrum to line outs, but soon after they changed their methods when they were outplayed in the scrum by the faster scrum of Lick. Near the end of the first half, Sam Crowley secured the ball from a passing rush and made a dash for Poly's ground. A line-out was called on the yard line and the heavy form of Mitchel

carried the ball over, resulting in a tie. Lick failed to convert; ending the first half with a 3-0. An outstanding feature of this half was the opening manner in which "Joe Knowles" Silver played.

In the next half, both teams came back on the field with plenty of fight. The first part of the half was played evenly by both teams, but near the end of it the heavier weight of Poly's men, and the loss of four of our best men, began to tell. During the last minutes of the half Poly, by passing rushes and well-placed kicks, took the ball which endangered their 25 yard line, to Lick's goal, and after a stubborn struggle, finally succeeded in making a 3-3 tie when the whistle blew. Extra time was not agreed upon.

### **Lick 6, Cogswell 0**

In the next game our Tigers, who were figuring on getting another crack at Lowell, met Cogswell, who had recently defeated our old rival. The game opened by Cogswell kicking and putting Lick on the defense, but shortly after, the ball, by passing rushes, was brought into Cogswell's territory, where it stayed throughout the half. The clever kicking of Cogswell's first 5 prevented Lick from scoring. The half ended with Lick having a decided advantage over the opposing team on account of the inability of the Cogswell backfield getting into play.

In the second half, the ball was immediately brought into play in Cogswell's territory, where our forwards showed their superior skill. A breathless attack was made upon Cogswell's goal, when Quinn secured the ball from a passing rush, and in turn passed it to Sudden, who tucked the ball under his arm and dashed 35 yards to a touch-down. For a short time the ball was in a standstill upon the 25 yard line of Cogswell, until Cogswell got a drop-out. The ball was kicked and picked up by Sudden, who darted off once more like a streak of lightening, carrying the pigskin 20 yards, resulting in another goal. Both goals were converted, making a final score of 6-0.

### **San Mateo 0, Lick 3**

On the 22nd of November, the Tiger team, backed by a large number of loyal rooters, traveled to San Mateo to play for the semi-finals of the C. I. F.

The game opened with Lick kicking off. The ball was immediately rushed to the middle of the field putting our team on the offensive. Then by a series of passing rushes, which the much feared San Mateo team was unable to stop, the ball was carried to their territory where a scrum was called many times. Near the middle of the first half "Hippo" Mitchel, fighting like a demon, used the instincts of American football and dashed 10 yards thru the San Mateo scrum, leaving that team looking as though it had been struck by a cyclone. Mitchel's dash resulted in a try, which Bermingham failed to convert. From this time on, the San Mateo backfield, fighting against Lick's aggressiveness, prevented us from scoring again.

In the second half, San Mateo, by a series of well placed kicks, put Lick on the defense, but nevertheless, they were unable to keep their ground. The ball was rushed back to their goal where Lick was on the edge of going over several times. Near the last 10 minutes of the half, San Mateo's chances of scoring appeared. However the defeats that Lick had suffered during the last two years from the San Mateo team, stared the "Tigers" in the face and they held them until the whistle ended the game, leaving the score 3-0.

The way our team fought for victory thrilled every L. W. L. supporter. The brilliant work of our front rankers, "Angel" Silver, and "Busted Benny" Dyson; our star backfield, "Tarzan" DeFerrari; the daring tackling of Capt. Johnson, the wild fighting of Quinn, the snappy passing of Lichtenberg, made this the fastest and best game by the "Tigers" this season.

## Girls' Swimming Club

**T**HROUGH the efforts of Miss Fassett, the first Lux swimming club was organized in the early part of October. At the first meeting, Ina Banta was elected president of the club, Louise Bettin, secretary, and Doris Holtz manager. At present, practices are held every Tuesday afternoon at the Y. W. C. A. pool. Several of the members are good swimmers but for the most part the girls are novices. Miss Fassett, who is rendering valuable assistance as coach, is teaching the various strokes and types of diving to all members.

After the club has become more thoroughly organized and the members more proficient, it is proposed to hold inter-class meets and, later, inter-scholastic contests. Although the enrollment is large, new members are wanted and girls are urged to join. It is not necessary to know how to swim. Membership entitles the girls to instruction from Miss Fassett who is glad to help every girl. The swimming is not only physically beneficial but affords the pleasure of recreation and of the sport. Swimming will undoubtedly become a major sport at Lux in the near future. Other city schools are organizing similar clubs and competition will soon be possible. Among the several girls who have proven themselves capable of winning honors for Lux in the swimming pool are: Leonore Morris, Doris Holtz, Claudine Lacoume and Ethel Bermingham.



## Girls' Basketball

**G**IRL'S basket-ball this term is being played under a new system. The entire school is divided into class squads from which class teams are picked. There is no longer, one big team representing Lux. Each class team plays against the corresponding team of other high schools. This allows members of each class to represent Lux in the games and gives them an opportunity to win the coveted Block L. In order to play on the team, members must adhere to training rules which other city schools have adopted.

The first inter-class game was played by '22X against '20J. The '20J team defeated the Freshies by a score of 37-0. The quick and direct passing of the ball from the centers to the forwards, and the experience of the Seniors outclassed the Freshmen. The Freshmen displayed true Lux spirit and put up a good fight. The game between the '22J and '20J classes was one of the fastest and hardest-fought games ever played at Lux. The final score was 21-15 in favor of '20J. The Seniors also defeated '23J 8-2. The '23J team clashed with the '21J team and the latter was victorious, winning by a score of 14-3. '21J also defeated the Low Freshman team, 36-2. The Juniors, due to their superior height out-reached and out-passed the Freshmen with ease. The '22J vs. '23J game was played at top speed. The play was quick and accurate, both teams showing evidence of their good material. The '22J class won 18-5. They also defeated the '22X class, 19-3, and, in a swift, snappy game with the Juniors, won 12-4. The '23J team put up a good fight but was beaten by '22X, 10-4. The last game of the season is scheduled for November 12th and will decide the championship. It is between '20J and '21J, well-matched teams.

Miss Fassett, our hard-working coach, has been kept busy all season training the girls and her efforts have not been in vain. Under the new system many more girls come out for the sport and the good material in all classes has come to the front. The teams are well organized and clean, accurate, swift playing has been characteristic of the season.



# Winners of the L.-W. Blocks

## FOOTBALL\*

V. SILVER  
B. DYSON  
G. MITCHEL  
D. TAIT  
J. BIRMINGHAM  
I. SEDGLEY  
W. BARRETT  
E. SCHULTE

E. LICHTENBERG  
L. JOHNSON  
E. SUDDEN  
A. DEFERRARI  
S. CROWLEY  
H. QUINN  
E. MERRILL  
G. LAWRENCE

## BASKETBALL

J. IMHOF

## TRACK

E. SUDDEN

## SWIMMING

W. MILLS

G. MITCHEL

## BASKETBALL

### CIRCLE BLOCK

L. CASASSA  
E. MEYER  
K. DYSON

W. ALTER  
L. AGHEM  
A. LUTHI

W. JOHNSTON

# Winners of the Lux Blocks

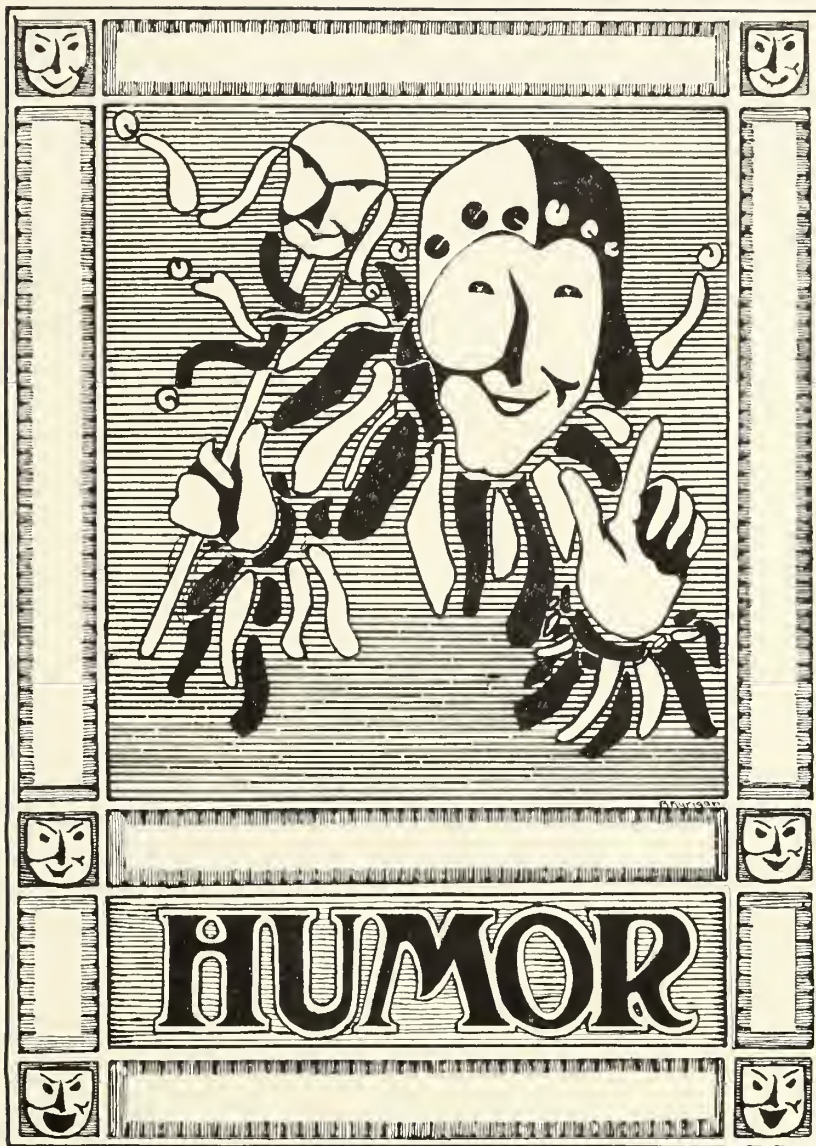
G. BUCK†  
C. FORREST†  
A. FALCONER  
F. HILL  
A. WITT

H. BURKHARDT  
R. BROWN  
A. McLAUGHLIN  
S. MORRIS  
C. LACOUME

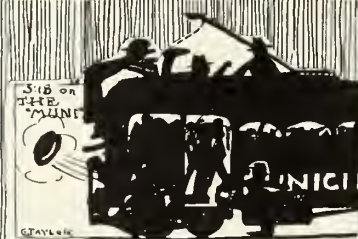
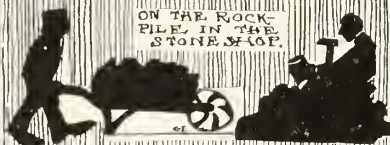
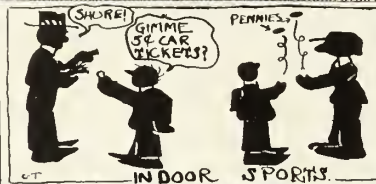
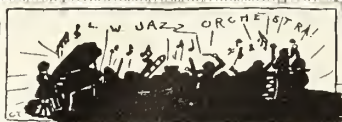
A. McELROY

\* Providing the Lowell game is won.

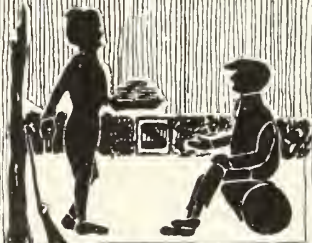
† Also awarded gold stars.



HUMOR



# SCENES FROM THE SENIOR FARCE





# Jokes

De Ferrari: "Sand your tracks, you're slipping!"

Sudden: "You should say that like this: 'Apply a little of Mother Nature's silicate substance to your rails; you're receding backwards, due to the absence of the required friction.'"

\* \* \*

Jim Pappas: "Hey, kid! Why you leave the door open?"

Jimmy Imhof: "So the flies can come in and get on the flypaper."

\* \* \*

Miss Strachan (explaining the peculiarities in the poem "Lancelot and Elaine"):  
"Elaine is rather queerly constructed."

\* \* \*

The scrub stood on the burning deck;  
As far as we could learn  
He stood in perfect safety—  
For he was too green to burn.

\* \* \*

Lives of great men all remind us  
We should always do our best,  
And departing leave behind us  
Notebooks that will help the rest.

\* \* \*

Soph to Scrub: "Go down to the foundry and get a rubber cogwheel."

Scrub: "Oui!"

Soph: "We? The dickens! I said YOU!"

\* \* \*

Mrs. Orr (in Civics): "Was Napoleon a native born Frenchman?"

Class: "No-o-o."

Mrs. Orr: "Yes, he was by accident."

\* \* \*

Mrs. Orr (in Civics): "What kind of a man would you expect to be at the head of the Post Office?"

Stone: "A male man."

\* \* \*

Whitman: "Gee, Young, what a dirty shirt!"

D. Young: "I'm patriotic. I'm boycotting the Chinese laundries."

\* \* \*

Mr. Williams: "It is a well known fact that when a person loses his eyesight, his hearing, on the other hand, becomes stronger."

Freshman: "Yea, I understand. Just like when a man loses one leg, the other one is longer."

\* \* \*

## MOTHER GOOSE UP TO DATE

Diminutive Jonathan Horner was reclining in the angle resulting from the intersection of two converging planes, masticating and digesting a delicious conglomeration, comprehended in the American language, "pie." Inserting the most pre-axial digit of his hand, he withdrew a specimen of the fruit, "prunus americanus," whereupon he exclaimed, "What an adolescent specimen of humanity am I!"

(We don't know who originated the above, but whoever it was, is our idea of a sophisticated rhetorican inebriated by the exuberance of his own verbosity.)







## SOME OF THE CAUSES OF INSANITY AMONG ENGLISH TEACHERS.

(Quotations from original stories.)

"He wandered all night climbing a tree so he would be out of danger in case he fell asleep."

"He popped the question. Much to her surprise she answered, "Why, certainly."

"Suddenly he heard his name jumping out of the canoe."

"Through the death of his father he had been left a millionaire several times."

"He saw the statue going up the stairs of the library with his hat off."

"I saw the beautiful valley going up the hill."

"Alice suddenly found herself admiring his handsome face and manly bearing, while John, to his amazement, found himself thinking the same thing of her."

\* \* \*

Miss Strachan: "Have you your homework, Wallace?"

Wallace: "I have an idea—"

Taylor: "Close the window quick so it won't escape."

\* \* \*

The Juniors don't believe in signs: One "would-be correct" asked plaintively in Algebra Review: "The signs don't hurt much, do they?"

\* \* \*

Miss Glass: "Translate: Esta bien de salud."

Lehrke: "There's a bean in the salad."

\* \* \*

Miss Strachan: "Wallace, one of us lacks intelligence and don't think it's I."

\* \* \*

Russel Carlson: "The Celts were er-er-er-, well, they were the people that celted!"

\* \* \*

C. Jacobs: "Did you see Sudden win the 440? That was a wonderful sight."

Floy Hill: "An Eddie-fying sight, I'll say!"

\* \* \*

Romander (translating Spanish): "But the monkey was not familiar with this nut."

\* \* \*

Plumb: "Even where the sea is six miles deep the pressure is not sufficient to compress the water noticeably."

C. Young: "Just the same the fish you catch there are flat."

\* \* \*

Johanna G. (looking through a telescope in Physics): "Why, there's Louis Reynolds across the street. Do you know I can see things with this glass that I never dreamed existed before."

\* \* \*

C. Young: "Well, did you get a part in the play?"

La Haye: "Yes, I'm a walking gentleman."

C. Young: "That's good. You know how to walk but you'll have to learn the gentleman part."

\* \* \*

After the game is over,  
After the field is clear,  
Straighten my nose and shoulder  
And help me find my ear.

## "THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH" WITH VARIATIONS

Under the spreading chestnut tree  
The village smith he stands;  
Upon his feet are two good shoes,  
Some gloves are on his hands.

His hair is scarce, he wishes for more,  
He thinks he'll buy some in a bargain store.  
His wife is small and not very sound;  
She weighs a scant three hundred pounds.

Their eldest son, his name is Pete,  
Stands seven foot one in his stocking feet.  
Their only girl, they named her Elf—  
If you don't like this poem, just write one yourself.

GEORGE GILMORE, '21X

\* \* \*

### WE WANT TO KNOW:

If Lick went boating would we use an "Orr"?  
Suppose we should flunk in algebra. Would Mrs. Schwarzenbeck "Marcus" down?  
If someone left some dry leaves in the Wilmerding free-hand room, would they  
Russell"?

Could a "Doxsee" stars if a boat hit it hard enough?

Wonder if a person could see various kinds of "Woods" in "Graham" flour if he  
held it under a strong "Glass"?

Did you know a "Plumb" "Burns" if you get it hot enough?

If a preacher "Sunk 'el" he'd be a pretty "Hey mann" in this world, wouldn't he?

\* \* \*

(Hornlein has been speaking of gold bullion in his debate.)

Miss Strachan: "Are there any criticisms?"

George: "Aw, his debate lacked unity. He started in talking about gold and  
ended up with soup."

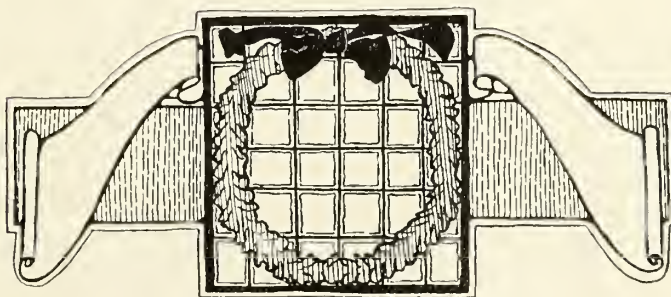
\* \* \*

Trask (looking at Meyer's feet): "Gee, Meyer! Are those *all* yours?"

\* \* \*

Wallace: "I have an idea—"

Miss Strachan: "Wallace, *that* is impossible."



P. C. Kasher

Ervin, Edward

W. J. B. Manser

M. J. B. Manser

W. J. B. Manser

Joe Bonquet

Tom Males

A. Summits

H. M. Males

J. G. Males

J. Castwood

S. E. E. E.

Edward Whitehead

P. Scammanini

Lloyd D. E. E.

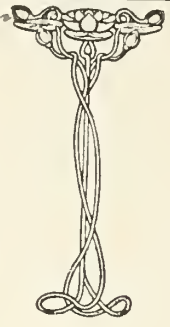
Jim H. H.

E. J. E.

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Autographs



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